The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 61. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 1ST, 1910. ONE PENNY.

THE RESULT OF OUR EXPOSURE.

A JOURNEY ABROAD, AND DEFINITE ACTION BY THE AUTHORITIES AT SCOTLAND YARD.

You will remember that in No. 58 of this paper there appeared an article by Mr. Godfrey Burwood, in which he made a sensational exposure in connection with the secret sin of a certain celebrity.

In that article he announced, with my full permission, that, in order to avoid the harm that would result to others from a public exposure, we should give the person concerned two alternatives. It was suggested that he should either commit suicide or leave the country, and that, if he did neither, we should place the full facts of the case in the hands of the authorities.

It was decided to adopt this course because we held that the publication of the ghastly particulars of his visciousness would do more harm to the community than his escape from the punishment he merited.

To this opinion we still adhere.

In the article in question the identity of the person chiefly concerned was not indicated very clearly, but the facts given in it were sufficient for our purpose, and I am glad to be able to announce that this purpose has been accomplished.

The man has left the country.

He has done so without any sensation occurring. In the "society" column of one paper which lies before me, it is simply announced that the person against whom this article was levelled has gone abroad for the sake of his health.

It is highly improbable that he will ever return, but if he does so, I shall carry out my original intention of placing the full facts in my possession in the hands of the police.

You may recall that I told you last week that the police in many instances ordered off the street hawkers who were exhibiting the poster announcing that article, and it was reasonable to suppose from their action in this matter that they did not desire publicity upon the subject in question.

That statement has frequently been made concerning the police, and it has been given as one reason to explain why this particular vice is so rampant in the West-End of London. I am glad to be able to state, however, that there seems to be small reason for believing that the police are negligent in the execution of their duty in this respect.

I have come to this decision owing to the fact hat on Monday, December 13th, two officers from cotland Yard called at my office and asked me to ace in their hands the evidence I possessed. They hinted that they were engaged in the estigation of a case concerning a person who ht very well be the one alluded to in the le, and they wanted the evidence I had in to clinch the matter. ther the man they were after was the one n my contributor referred I do not know, for they did not disclose his name; but I refused to give them any information on this particular case, as I was determined to abide by the original pledge made in the article.

I promised that if the person in question did not adopt either of the alternatives which were offered to him, I should give them all the information in my possession, but I also told them that if he did adopt either alternative I should refuse to surrender the documents I held.

As I have stated, I consider it better that the revolting details of this person's profligacy should not be made public, and, as he has now left the country, I believe that I have done a greater service to my fellow-men by his removal than by supplying to the authorities the evidence that would have brought about his conviction, but that would also have necessitated a terrible and nauseating scandal.

In connection with this case, many remarkable letters have come into my possession.

Those that have been signed I have treated with that respect which I always accord to letters received by me, but those that have been sent anonymously—and they have been the most sensational and the most revolting of all—I have handed to the authorities of Scotland Yard.

I am pleased to be able to say that, as a result of this, I understand that a certain den of infamy in a side street off the Edgware Road, where the most ghastly offences have been perpetrated, will have been raided and closed by the time this appears in print.

I have been blamed in many quarters for having dealt with this subject at all, and I daresay that my having done so has lost me many readers.

On the other hand, I have received many congratulations for having treated the matter as I have done.

One of the chief objects of this paper is the fostering of manliness, and it is intolerable that the profligates whom I have exposed should be allowed to continue, undisturbed, their abominable work of undermining the manliness of others. They are like vampires, poisoning, and making like themselves, every one of their victims—making vampires of them, making them ready and anxious to add to the numbers of those who practise this horrible vice.

This has never been a sensational paper, and, perhaps for that very reason, the exposure which I made through my contributor has been taken the more seriously.

That it has done good cannot be doubted. Information concerning certain places of amusement in the West-End that has come to me in connection with this article, and that I have given to the police, has meant the purging of these resorts of the scoundrels concerned.

By making their nefarious traffic more and more difficult, I have, I believe, prevented them from contaminating and polluting many who will in time grow into sturdy representatives of British manhood, but who would otherwise never have done so.

Have I done wrong in doing this?

I have shocked you, I know; but I should have shocked you to the extent of sickness if I had laid before you the information that has come into my possession.

Knowing that such things have been going on, I do not hold that I should have been doing my duty if I had remained silent.

The article in question has been the means of sending from the country one still respected citizen who is a modern vampire, and whose purse enabled him to drag into his net many who would, but for him, have remained pure; the exposure has also stimulated the police to activity in putting down certain haunts of vice in London.

Such being the case, I feel that I have been fully justified in acting as I have done, and I think you will admit that in dealing with this subject, which is the most revolting of all, neither my contributor nor I have said anything likely to create in the minds of the inexperienced thoughts which it has been my aim and object to prevent.

For my personal experiences in connection with this case, I invite you to turn to "My Notebook."

THE EDITOR.

CHEEK.

Biblical historians are now disputing over the resting place of the Ark after the flood. But it is difficult to see how they can Noah lot about it.

* * *

A thirsty correspondent wants to know whether the Suffragette who hid in the organ at the Albert Hall was down among the Bass.

* * *

At the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, a Toy Fair has been held, with fifty stalls, each representing a fairy tale, and attended by people dressed as the characters of the stories. Thus we have another "fairy tale exhibition" at Westminster.

* * *

Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell points out that "B.-P's Girl Guides" may become feeders to the Territorial organisation of Voluntary Aid. He shouldn't have expressed himself quite in that way.

* * *

Apropos, to become a first-class guide, one of the stipulations is that a girl must have a shilling in a savings bank. After this, who shall say that we lack intelligence in our demands for efficiency?

* * *

In his manifesto to his constituents Mr. Balfour referred to the earth being the Lord's; but unfortunately the "Daily Mail" reported him as writing —"The earth is the Lords' . . . ." With the latter version of the statement his opponents ar in full agreement.

* * *

A witness in Mr. Justice Coleridge's Court admitted that he had never heard of Scott. Great—Cæsar!

E. MILLAR.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE

SERIES OF PRACTICAL LESSONS.

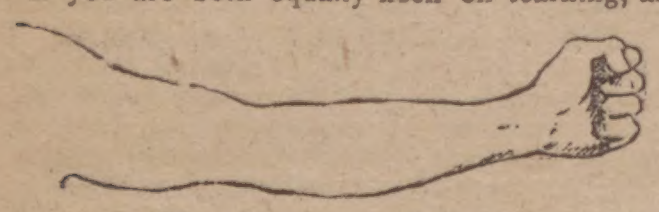
Just over a year ago I contributed to this paper a long article entitled "The Whole Art of Boxing." I am happy to learn that the number of the paper containing this article was one of the first to become out of print, and it is at the Editor's suggestion that I again offer my services as boxing instructor to those readers who care to have them.

In the former article I endeavoured to condense into four columns the main facts that the boxer ought to know, but this time I propose to give each week, for a limited period, a series of lessons precisely the same in every particular as those that I give to my own private pupils.

I do not pretend that I can describe a guard or a counter as well as I could show it to you, but, nevertheless, with the assistance of illustrations, I trust to be able to make you a very fair boxer.

Although you may practise the various hits, guards and counters by yourself, I should most strongly advise that you do them in conjunction with a friend.

If you are both equally keen on learning, and



The right way to clench the fist.

if you pay close attention to the instructions I give, you will make very rapid progress.

Perhaps the first thing to learn in boxing is how to double the fist. In boxing with gloves, this matter is pretty well settled for you by the shape and padding of the glove, but, as most of those who learn to box desire to be able to defend themselves in case of necessity with the naked fists, I have had an illustration drawn showing exactly the way in which the fist ought to be clenched.

I have seen men double up their fists so that the thumb came inside the first and second fingers, but in a fist so doubled there is not half the strength that there would be if it were held properly.

The right way to double the fist is clearly shown in the illustration. The tip of the thumb, coming as it does over the first and second fingers, is largely protected from injury. If you allowed it to remain with the point on the side of the first finger, you would be liable to get a very nasty sprain if your thumb happened to meet your opponent's jaw. In the position indicated, however, there is no danger of such an accident occurring.

I.—The first guard and counter.

In the illustrations, the pupil is shown in a dark costume, while his adversary is dressed in white. This explanation will help to make my description of the various hits more easily understood.

I shall now deal with the various hits in detail.

You and your adversary are facing one another. Your left foot points straight towards him; your right foot is slightly behind it and slightly spread; you are standing easily, so as to be able to move forwards or backwards without hesitation; your right upper arm covers your right side; your right forearm is across your stomach with the thumb of your glove uppermost; your left upper arm is by your left side; your left forearm is level and pointing straight towards your adversary.

There you have the "ready" position.

Let us suppose that he leads off at your face with his left hand. What you have to do is to throw up your right arm so as to catch his blow. Then immediately step sharply forward and counter him on the face with your left hand.

In guarding a blow in this way, always see that the palm of the hand is well to the front, for in this way you receive the blow on the muscles of your arm instead of on the bone.

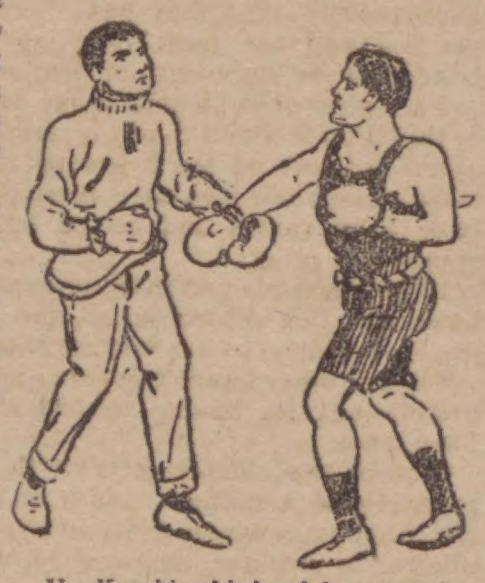
In countering him on the face, you must not wait too long. If there is any pause, he may change his tactics and come in upon you with his right.

The moment you have decided on adopting this hit, and have got his glove on your right forearm, step forward and let him have it. There must be no pause at all.

Practise this hit again and again with your friend, and let him practise it on you, until you can guard and counter as sharp as lightning when you see that his left is making for your face.

We shall now take the second hit.

In the first hit you wait for your opponent to strike at you, but in the second you make your own opportunity, as follows.



II.—Knocking his hand down to get an opening.

If he is holding his left hand too low, you step in sharply, knock it down with your right hand, and hit him on the face with your left.

In the two hits I have given I have told you to counter at the face. You may ask what part of the face should be struck. In ordinary boxing, where you are simply having a bit of sport, you should always hit the cheek, for a blow there does not hurt much, but in prize-fighting or in actual scrapping, aim straight for the man's nose or his upper lip in bringing off a face hit.

To hit him on the chin is a very deadly blow, but that is not usually termed a face hit, but an upper-cut, and I shall deal with upper-cuts later.

In bringing off a face hit with the left hand the glove remains in practically the same position as when you were holding it "ready"; that is to say, your glove comes into contact with his face with the thumb on top.

G. GOWING.

[*Another of this series will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

TIPS FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

SOME USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

It is a capital plan during the last days of the year to have a sort of general clearing up.

I don't mean in the moral sense—that's a matter for a chap to settle with himself and his conscience—I mean with regard to his personal belongings.

For instance, there are many things that have accumulated in the course of twelve months which want looking over. Especially is this the case if you live in lodgings.

Sporting paraphernalia take up a lot of room, and ought to be arranged neatly, to say nothing of a man's wardrobe.

The wise man sees to the latter at regular intervals, but others are less wise, and I would suggest that now is the acceptable time. What you don't want, throw or give away.

Collars that have seen their best days are no earthly good to keep, yet I knew a man who had a regular stack of frayed collars. It may have been a hobby with him, as was the case with a certain lawyer of my acquaintance, whose private office was positively blocked with hat boxes containing ancient headwear. I fancy the curious could have accurately given his age by counting up those boxes.

Then there are socks that don't pay for darning, and ties that are no longer things of beauty. Don't harbour them any longer, for there is no magic dye which will make them wearable, and socks more darn than socks are not only uncomfortable but conducive to blisters.

As for shabby clothes and dilapidated shoes and boots, here is an opportunity to play the philanthropist without any inroad on one's pocket, for no matter how poor a chap may be he can always find a human being a bit poorer than himself, and this is a grand time to get something written up on the credit side of brotherly charity.

It does somebody good, and doesn't do you any harm.

Then there are those loose magazines. If you mean them to be bound send them to the bookbinders at once; if not there are the hospitals waiting for them.

Sailors and soldiers are always pleased to get bundles of reading stuff, and it's better than hoarding them up, for papers are the best dust-traps that were ever invented.

Then there are letters that want sorting.

All receipted bills should be filed with a bit of twisted copper wire. You can make a file quite easily.

A good idea a pal of mine hit upon was to buy a thick exercise-book and put down all the addresses of people and any other items that he might want instead of keeping letters; a sort of general inquiry office it became, and it's no end useful to himself and his intimate friends.

All those picture post-cards that have been received during the past year might as well be collected and put into an album; or get some canvas and stretch it over a narrow wooden frame and gum the cards on securely. You have no idea what a capital overmantel this makes, and what a cheerful air it gives a man's den.

There are those prints, too, you saved for framing. This is the time to put your intention into practice. Frames can be bought cheaply, or if you have any taste that way you can easily make suitable frames.

Overhaul your bike, and give it a thorough clean-up, and see to any repairs that it may need.

To hark back to the matter of letters, the safest plan to adopt with personal letters is to consign them to the sacred keeping of the fire. Of course from sentimental reasons a man may like to kee some letters—his mother's, his sweetheart's, a his best pal's—but for the most part it is wise waive sentiment; so once a year go over your c respondence.

There are other things that want seeing locks and straps, your watch that wants a glass, and the clock that won't go—all these be set to rights for the New Year.

J. D. WILL

EXACTLY THE PAPER YO

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 61. [Published Every Wednesday.] Week Ending January 1st, 1910. ONE PENNY.

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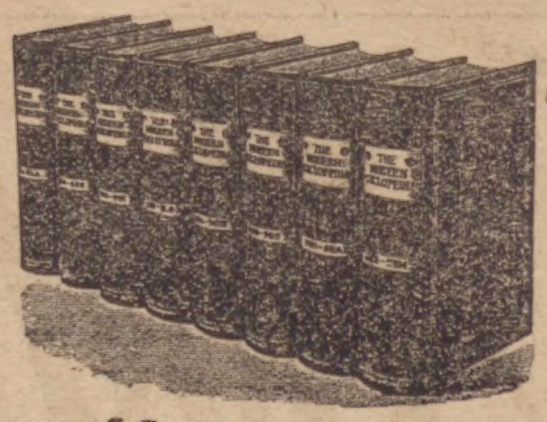

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The Muffled Bell.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

. . . Ashes to ashes, and dust to dust. . . .

The vicar hurried over the words of the burial service. The bleak wind was fluttering his surplice, and his fingers were numbed. There was a powdering of snow upon the grass of the village churchyard and on the heap of brown soil by the side of the grave. At a respectful distance away a few women and round-eyed children looked on.

There were only two mourners, the father of the dead woman and the father of the child which had caused her death. A plate on the coffin bore the name Evangeline Maitland; but the surname was not that of the young and sullen-faced mourner in black.

In a loud, matter-of-fact voice the verger made the responses; a handful of soil was thrown on the coffin; the service was over.

Mr. Maitland, a very thin and very little man, with a wizened face all pinched with the cold, leaned over the grave and took a last look at the thing which hid his daughter from his sight. Behind his spectacles his eyes were quite dry.

The other man, as if in involuntary imitation, also stepped forward and looked, but he quickly turned away.

The vicar took off his surplice and handed it to the verger. He glanced nervously at the pinched and wizened face of his organist, feeling the need of saying some word of comfort, but finding none that would be suitable he uttered a good morning and hastened off to the vicarage.

He was both irritated and pained, this good man. It had been a most distressing affair altogether. Robert Davis should have married the girl in time. That was what he told himself angrily. And then for the infant to be buried in the same coffin as its mother! It was shocking! The last requests of the dying were sacred, certainly, but at times a little discretion should be used. This was as dismal an end to the old year as he had ever experienced.

He only hoped—pushing open the gate leading to the garden of the vicarage—that the matter would soon be forgotten and that things would go on just the same. He felt that, in some undeserved manner, the ugliness of the incident had made its mark upon his own unblemished character.

Meanwhile Mr. Maitland, a widower and now childless, was walking out of the churchyard, Robert Davis, silent and ill at ease, accompanying him.

When they came out upon the village street they came to a standstill at the corner, and the organist gazed up at his companion with blinking, expressionless eyes.

"You will be at the church for choir practice at half-past eight as usual?" he said.

"Yes, all right," answered Robert, whose eyes dropped.

They parted, Mr. Maitland setting off for his lonely home with the nervous little strides that were habitual to him; while Robert turned into a cottage close by to change into his everyday clothes and so return to his work.

The complete lack of resentment shown by the organist oppressed him in a dull sort of way.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Maitland let himself in with a latchkey, and after he had hung up his hat in the hall and changed his Sunday frock-coat for an old grey one which hung behind the kitchen door, he entered the tiny room which he had been wont to call his study, and sat down in his armchair.

The whole house smelt empty, and the room he was in was cold and cheerless for the want of a fire.

Blinking and expressionless, Mr. Maitland stared at the grate, one bony hand on each bony knee, his narrow shoulders bowed.

For nearly an hour the forlorn little figure did not stir, and there was no sound in the room but the lazy ticking of the clock.

One o'clock struck at last and it awoke Mr. Maitland from his reverie. He shivered violently and then rose stiffly to his feet.

"I'll light a fire," he said aloud. "I feel cold, miserably cold."

He started to cross the room, when the dust on the closed lid of the piano attracted his notice.

He trailed his finger along the lid and watched attentively the streak that it made. He had not opened the piano since his daughter's death.

A smile twisted his lips, and he wrote in the dust, "Evangeline is dead."

Then, apparently satisfied with the explanation, he went out into the kitchen to find some wood.

Returning presently with the wood in his arms, he paused at the foot of the stairs, blinking and listening. There was a puzzled expression on his face.

Why were the church bells ringing? He heard them distinctly, clashing right down the scale, until—and his brow puckered—until the last note, which didn't sound at all.

That was queer.

He listened again, and again there came the peal, melodious and quivering.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, ——

Mr. Maitland laid down the wood, and went and opened the front door.

The tower of the church stood out, silent and calm against the pale, clear sky. He waited for several minutes. Some children were playing and laughing farther up the street; but the sound of the bells had ceased.

A cart rumbled past, and the old man stood expectantly at the door until the noise of its wheels had died away in the distance.

But no sound from the church tower greeted his ears, only the low soughing of the wind and the laughter of the children.

He waited almost helplessly on the threshold until the cold recalled him to his senses, and he shook his head sadly.

A passer-by nodded, and Mr. Maitland nodded in mechanical response, then he came in, closing the door quietly.

A strange sense of desolation went over him as again he felt the silence of the house. All was lonely and cold and empty.

He picked up the firewood and took it into the study. Going down on his knees on the hearthrug, he began to place the sticks in the grate.

When this was done, he found that he had forgotten to put a layer of paper in first, and he patiently pulled out all the sticks one by one.

Then he sat back on his heels, thinking.

"It doesn't matter," he said, wearily, at last. "It would only go out again."

Climbing awkwardly to his feet, he wandered into the hall again, and, after a long deliberation, he went slowly upstairs.

He reached a closed door, knocked upon it from force of habit, and passed through into his daughter's bedroom.

Except for the stripped bed, everything was in order—the photographs and ornaments on the mantelpiece, the knick-knacks on the dressing-table, the books and photographs on the little table by the window.

He gazed about helplessly.

"She's gone," he said. "She's gone, and I don't know what to do."

An almost comically insignificant creature he looked, in his old grey coat and baggy black trousers, with his turn-down collar and scraggy neck, his spectacles and his wizened face.

He wandered about, picking up things here and there, and staring at them with quaint inquisitiveness.

A drawer that he opened contained baby's clothes, and he closed it again without touching anything.

There was a piece of blue ribbon on the china tray of the dressing-table, and he twisted it round his finger aimlessly.

"I don't know what to do," he said again.

And suddenly, without any sound, he rested his arms on the table and hid his face in them.

* * *

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, ——

The organist raised his head, his eyes blinking to listen.

Again it came, golden notes tumbling pell-mell into the void of the silent eighth. Again and again and again.

Now the peals were continuous, and the whole air vibrated to the sound-waves of the bells.

The organist straightened, his face upturned, and there was a look of distress upon it, for ever the final note of the octave was missing.

As the joyous notes rang out, his face softened, but every time the empty silence was reached his features twitched.

Why did it not come? The absence of it offended his musical being; it worried him; it hurt him.

He began to wish for the note, to want it, to count the strokes in his mind until they came to the eighth, and to hold himself in readiness to be glad when it rang.

He stood quite still, his lips moving silently.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, ——

The silence shook him. It was like a stick beating on a hollow drum—and the drum was himself.

He pressed his hands to his stomach, because that was where it hurt, and counted, swaying his body to the notes.

They clashed out merrily, pure as silver, the memory of one making harmonious undertone to the other, so that his soul quivered in ecstatic unison. And again there came the shuddering shock of the empty note.

Once more he counted, for he *knew* it would ring this time.

"*One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,*"—— silence.

He crossed his arms in front of him, straining them to him, and counted aloud.

Each peal uplifted him to the golden heights of happiness, and each silence plunged him into the black void of despair.

"*One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,* ——."

"Now!" he cried eagerly, and a faint groan escaped from him as again he was disappointed.

His voice rose to the high pitch of tension.

"*One, two, three, four* . . . ."

His bony fists clenched.

". . . *five, six, seven,* ——"

"Oh, God!" he cried piteously.

The void was his grief, and he would go mad unless it was filled.

He counted again, and cowered at the end.

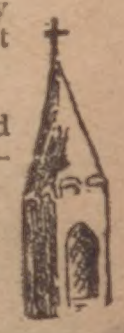
He sat on a chair and rocked over his arms, counting. He got to his feet, all doubled, and stamped in a frenzy with the strokes, counting. He jerked up his head again, counting with closed eyes, and his voice was a wail.

He ran over to the bed and threw himself upon it, counting in a monotone. He slid on to his knees, burying his face in his arm, and beat the bed with his free hand, counting.

And ever the joyous bells rang out their melody down to the last agonising silence, until at last the little organist was still.

* * * * * * *

But Elsewhere he was listening to a grand and final peal. *One, two, three, four, five, six, seven*—EIGHT.



THE DELIGHTS OF MOTOR-CYCLING

AN APPRECIATION, AND SOME PRACTICAL HINTS.

Motor-cycling to the uninitiated generally appears to consist of a confused medley of athleticism and ear-splitting explosions! To those who know, however, and to those who have had even a small "trial ride" experience, the one-time prosaic term "motor-cycling" is not only translated to mean the last word in keen, intelligent and manly enjoyment, but it is the knowledge of the living power throbbing underneath one, the pulsating life so absolutely under one's control, and obedient and susceptible to one's slightest will, which so appeals to the always existent sense of mastering, inherent in every man who is a man.

A CONTINUOUS COAST.

Imagine a glorious coast down a never-ending hill on an ordinary "push-bike," and you then have a slight idea of what motor-cycling is like.

It is the starting of a motor-cycle which so often strikes awe into the heart of the observer, but if the running mount is too ungainly or requires too much initial effort, one can nowadays, with a modern machine, glide off from the kerb or from any position on the road simply by having a "free" engine—*i.e.*, an engine that will run without propelling the machine along, until the clutch is engaged, and the only effort required to start off is to give either a kick on the usual bicycle pedal or a turn or two of a handle-starting device.

If this type of machine is not suitable, the light-weight motor-cycle—hardly more than twice as heavy as the average roadster cycle—can be started in the usual manner by simply pedalling quite comfortably for a few yards until you let in the engine and glide away.

QUIET AND EASE.

If the noise from the exhaust is too loud, the silencer fitted to every machine can always be closed, and as regards vibration, all that is necessary to convince the doubtful is to have a short ride, over bad roads, and they will soon appreciate the comfortable springing of the saddle and the insulated spring forks, and realise how the hard, uncomfortable saddle and unsprung frame of the ordinary "push-bike" is, by comparison, nowhere.

Mechanical knowledge is *not* an essential asset to a prospective rider. The average machine now turned out by almost any maker requires no more intelligence to understand than does a mere "push-bike." To the ordinary man, possessed of his apportionate share of common-sense, the mechanism of a motor-cycle, even after only one casual explanation, appears to be almost absurdly simple.

Beyond ordinary care and cleanliness, the machine requires no special knowledge, and the average man, with a new machine, would be able to do his thousands of miles per season quite comfortably, and without any fear—other than that of punctures.

Ask 90 per cent. of any club members, or any of your pals who possess motor-cycles, how much they knew either about mechanics or petrol motors before they began riding, and their answer will be "Nothing."

The wet season now being upon us (assuming that there ever has been a really dry season) the terrors of side-slipping and of skidding strike terror into the hearts of many. Why? It is easily possible to ride from Lands-End to John o' Groats at a 20 M.P.H. average on greasy roads and with the rain coming down all the time, through any town or city and over any tram-lines without any fear of sideslips.

RISKY NERVOUSNESS.

The reason is that the more nervous the rider, the greater the risk. With full confidence—this is essential—and by keeping as much as possible to the crown of the road, and also by driving right through the grease and mud, the possibility of sideslip is almost entirely eradicated.

Another good tip to remember is always to keep one's engine purring away at a steady rate and, as far as possible, try to prevent either sudden stops or jerky starting. At a fair pace of say 15 to 20 M.P.H., this presents no difficulty.

When approaching corners, slow down by the simple expedient of closing the throttle gently, and keep right on the crown of the road while turning. If any carts or other impediments are in the way, take a wide circle into the gutter, taking no particular care to steer clear of the probably existing rolls of mud and grease—but going straight through it as fast as you can, and at the moment most suitable get as sharp a turn as possible and return to the crown of the road again. It is not so difficult to do this as it appears.

Remember that on nearly all machines non-skid tyres are fitted as a further preventative from sideslip. It is worth while knowing that if at any time you may find it advisable to pull up sharply, the applying of the rear brake will, very probably, easily lock the wheel, as the grease will present no biting surface for the tyre.

PULLING UP.

You can slacken the pace by throttling down, and if braking is necessary, use the front brake as gently as possible, and when most of your momentum has ceased lift the exhaust (thus releasing the engine), and stop when and where you like by applying the front brake still more.

Another way of stopping in the grease is to throttle completely off and let the engine act as a brake.

When crossing tram-lines, always take as sharp an angle as possible. Do not suddenly lift the exhaust and stop the engine, but keep straight on, and, if necessary, cross the whole of the three or four tram-lines at the same pace before turning back in a wide circle to the proper riding side of the road.

I cannot help but emphasise the fact that it is principally on account of slow and jerky riding that 90 per cent. of side-slips and skids are caused.

Do not forget that owing principally to the position of the engine, a motor cycle has an extremely low centre of gravity, and consequently the possibilities of sideslips are considerably less than on a push-bike.

SAFER THAN THE SAFETY.

Compare the heights of the two riding positions, and you will see how much higher is the saddle on a push-cycle than that on the motor. Moreover, the short wheel base on the former, with its small tyres and lack of counter-balance for the rider perched high up, enables you to realise and appreciate the natural and proven tendencies of the motor-cycle to be safer on the road amidst the mud and grease than any other two-wheeled vehicle.

Apart from this, however, the delights of "mud-plugging" do not appeal to many of the average men, because they are unknown. As we get eight months of the year wet and cold and four months more or less wet and grimy (we used to call it "Summer"), and as once a motor-cyclist gets the taste—the keen taste—of the sport, he is not going to give it up for the sake of a wetting and a mud-splash—well, it is not surprising to hear that practically a new industry has sprung up solely for the protection of motor-cyclists against the weather alone.

With warm woollen under-clothing, rain and wind-proof overalls, hats and gloves, handle-bar muffs and leg-guards, the weather is laughed at. In fact, I often welcome the rain beating into what part of my face remains unprotected.

The exhilaration of riding mile after mile, with the wind whistling around and the rain apparently tearing towards you, is only to be compared to the delightful ecstasy of motion you realise as your beautiful old girl of an engine sweetly purrs and hums you along, inexorably, pulsating with life at every beat and without any palpitating pauses for breath, until she has brought you to your destination.

How lovingly do you give her a rub over, a caressing touch here and there with the spanner, and then tuck her cosily away out of the cold and draughts!

SAYING GOOD-NIGHT.

Your last glance at her is full of affection and admiration, and you think with pride of the manner in which she has brought you along so happily and sure.

And then, when you have dropped out of your overalls and are tingling with the effects of a thorough good wash down, you settle into the folds of a huge arm-chair, with an enormous fire crackling away between you and your pal, if you have had one, or mine host, if you have been riding "solo."

With both legs stretched out full to the fire, you arrange yourself comfortably, and soon the clouds of smoke from your pipe, which is going full blast, are intermixed with the odour of the splendid supper being prepared for you.

Half unconsciously you review the whole of your ride, and are probably thrilling inwardly as some particularly spicy incident is recalled. After grub, you have a kick around, a thorough real good laze, hop into bed betimes and without hesitation go right off into the land of Nod, with the full confidence of having a good, dreamless, and comfortable sleep, and—more motor-biking on the morrow.

GEORGE S. CLARKE.

THE AMATEUR'S ECONOMY.

There are many amateurs who carry their hobby a stage too far in the matter of economy. All that an amateur should attempt to do in connection with his hobby is to find amusement by supplying the labour needed in turning out the product of his particular pastime. In most cases he is ill-advised if he attempts either to manufacture his own tools or to supply his own equipment.

To take a case in point, there are some men whose hobby it is to make small pieces of furniture and so forth. Their work is generally very carefully done, but too often they spoil the result by false economy in the matter of the paint with which they coat the chair or the cabinet that they have made.

You can buy all the necessary ingredients for paint very much cheaper than you can buy the paint ready made up, but the paint that you make at home is not likely to be half as good as that made by those who spend their lives in this particular line of business, and it is therefore advisable to buy the paint ready made, even if it does cost more.

This is only one instance, and others will doubtless occur to you in connection with your own particular hobby.

In every hobby there are some things that are interesting and diverting, and some that are merely routine work. If your hobby is to be a lasting pleasure to you, you should eliminate, as far as possible, the dull routine connected with it, and the best way to do this is to buy ready prepared everything connected with your hobby instead of preparing it yourself.

The Farmer's Fight with the Pigeons.

DEFENDING THE ROOT CROP FROM A WINTER VISITOR.

"It's an ill wind ——" says the proverb, and though in general I am not concerned with applying the truth or otherwise of such trash to my own circumstances, yet in the case of the winter plague of pigeons the truth of this one is brought home to me very pleasantly.

For the plague of pigeons that come overseas to certain parts of England every autumn, and remain here until spring, is unmistakably on the way, and brings me some of my most fascinating sport.

There are hills—gentle, well-defined hills, that do not bewilder one by their rambling ridges and innumerable offshoots—that are covered along their summits by a long ridge of beech trees, in our neighbourhood.

The trees overshadow a very fertile and much-sought-after agricultural belt of level land, and the farmers hereabouts find these levels excellent for growing their winter crops.

THEIR CRIME.

The pigeons also find the tender green shoots of the turnips and other roots much to their liking when other food is hard to find in the more remote and the safer places in the heart of the woods. And so it happens that during the winter months immense damage is done to these root crops by the pigeons.

They are perfect brigands among birds. Having no other care but to fill their crops as often and as early as they can, they have developed a surprising degree of cunning, daring, and impudence. Hunger has sharpened their wits, and their manœuvres to outwit anyone who attempts to scare them are most adroit.

But now and then we have the laugh of them, and the eating of them, for they make excellent pies. For their own protection from heavy losses the farmers are wont to meet and arrange great pigeon shoots.

A COMBINED ATTACK.

The idea is to make a simultaneous onslaught upon the birds over a very wide district. It is of no use taking three or four guns to one part of the wood and doing what execution is possible. The pigeons merely make for another part of the woods and continue their feeding undisturbed.

The great object of the farmers is to attack them along the whole line of the hills at the same time so that they are kept on the move from one part of the area to another and at every spot at which they touch they are met with a fusillade from all the guns that the countryside can muster.

The work is fast and furious and very exciting while it lasts. The greatest chance of making a clearance, or at least of thinning their ranks, is to attack them while they are coming in from the fields crammed with what for many of them is destined to be their last meal.

Dividing ourselves into companies of four or five, the thirty or forty guns from the whole of our district take up secluded positions close to all the known roosting-places of the pigeons. Each company is spread over a length of about two hundred yards, so that there will be a chance of giving a warm reception to all-comers. The companies are thus posted at fairly wide intervals and cover an enormous area. There we wait for the first signs of the returning robbers.

We have not long to wait. In the chill of the afternoon the pigeons come, at first straggling in in twos and threes, boldly flashing through the failing sunlight with all that strength of wing and vigour of flight that is characteristic of the species.

THE FIRST SHOT.

It is ten to one that the very first-comers arrive above the wood within shot of one or another of the guns, and the first shot echoes along the hillside like a warning note to us all that the enemy is upon us, and that we shall do well to keep our eyes open.

But there is an interval of another few minutes. Not a bird seems inclined to fly homeward. The mists are gathering about the woods, and a blue dusk makes the deeper shadows almost black.

Suddenly from overhead the loud flapping of strong wings is heard.

A bird has reached its haven unobserved. Some of us peer into the woods to see what we can see, but others wait stoically with their guns ready and their ears shut to all sounds behind.

Crack! bang! bang! bang! From four different companies the shooting breaks out almost simultaneously, and all around the soft "plump" of the dead birds as they fall, a mass of warm, inert feathers reaches us and proclaims the success of the first attack.

But this is only the beginning, and what follows requires more skill and quickness. The birds, now thoroughly alarmed, and yet unwilling to seek new roosting-places at what is for them a late hour, wheel about the wood uncertain where to make their descent. The surrounding sky is thick with birds crossing each other's track, and flying up and down the edge of the wood in something like panic fear.

A HARD MARK.

The shooting must be sharp and straight, for they dart past without giving more than half a chance, and wherever they attempt to pitch for the night a well-directed volley meets them and still further thins their flock.

For fifty yards round the wood the ground is dotted with dead pigeons, strong, hearty birds with plenty on them in spite of the keen weather. They have taken heavy toll of the land.

By slow degrees the wood is deserted by the birds. Scattering in small flocks, they at last make off, even in the gathering gloom, in search of other shelter. Their quest must, indeed, be a difficult one, for pigeons are hard to please in the matter of roosting-places, and their taste for deep woods and solitude at night will take them far afield before a choice will be made.

But roost they must somewhere, and with the last few minutes of twilight, just when it is neither dark nor light, the last birds have flown, and the guns are gathering the spoil.

Many of the birds have fallen dead in the wood and it is hopeless to try and find them. But all around in the fields they lie thick, and a big heap is quickly thrown together, from which those who are so inclined make their choice of birds. And then to a hundred scattered farms and country houses the army of pigeon-shooters disperses, not, however, until another day has been agreed upon for a second shoot.

C. EASTON-GREY.

WALKING-STICKS.

There are some men who scoff at the walking-stick which is in the least ornate, and maintain that they should only be used for walking in the country, and should then be of the plainest description—of ash, or something of that sort.

"What on earth do you want to carry a stick about in town for?" they say. "It doesn't enjoy riding in 'buses and trains, and so on, and you certainly don't want it for walking with."

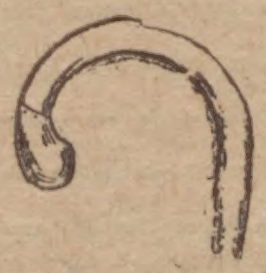
Partridge Cane.

But, whatever these folk may say, there is no doubt that the average man feels a fool unless he is carrying something in his hands. The only alternative to the walking-stick or umbrella is to put one's hands in one's pockets, and that is eminently undesirable.

A walking-stick soon comes to be looked on in the light of a friend, and, especially if it is a "country" stick, it serves to remind you of past rambles, of the place where it was bought, and the many happy hours in the open when it was your companion.

I have a by no means shapely stick with a spiked ferrule which has accompanied me up five of the highest mountains in England and Wales and has helped me out of several tight corners. I would not part with it now for its weight in gold.

Cherrywood.



Nilgeri Cane.

But in "town" sticks there is a certain amount of fashion, which is constantly changing.

Probably the most fashionable pattern of stick is that illustrated in the first sketch, a partridge cane with a handle bent at right angles and the "nose" capped with a silver mount, but with no band round the stick itself.

One of the drawbacks of this type of cane is that the handle lacks strength and is liable to break off at the bend. The curved handle is far stronger, and if the crook is large enough it is far more comfortable to carry.

Crutch-handled Stick.

Cherrywood is often used for sticks of this pattern, and looks best with a silver mount on the "nose" and a silver band below the handle. Cherrywood, however, is not altogether suitable for rough work, because the bark is liable to strip off above the ferrule and look ragged.

A better stick to use if a curved handle is preferred, is a plain Nilgeri cane, which is polished and of light yellow colour, with a silver mount on the "nose" only. These canes are extremely strong, and may well be used for country walking as well as in town.

For strength the "crutch handle" shown in the fourth illustration is not to be beaten. It is hardly suitable for a young man, but if you have sprained an ankle or suffered some temporary injury, and want a stick as a means of support and not merely for show, this is the best pattern. These sticks are usually made of ebony.

Horn-handled Stick.

Horn-handled sticks are no longer as fashionable as they were before the advent of the various types of cane now available, but they make excellent sticks for a man, and, in spite of the handle being a separate piece, they are often stronger than bent canes, provided that the horn is firmly set in a broad silver collar.

J. B. WESTON.

FROM OUR READERS.

TEACHING A DOG TO COME HOME.

A new dog always causes a certain amount of anxiety until it has been taught to return home as soon as it finds itself lost.

Many people make the mistake, when their dog returns at last after a long absence, of thrashing him for not coming back before.

The natural result is that the dog thinks he is being beaten for coming home and is in no hurry to return next time, as long as he can get something to eat elsewhere. He will stay out and wander about, and if he is an animal of any value, he will in all probability be stolen.

If, on the other hand, he finds a welcome awaiting him, and knows that when he comes home he will find a warm fire and something to eat, instead of a thrashing, he begins to realise that home is a place worth coming to, and he makes some effort to find it next time he gets lost.

The quickness with which some dogs find their way about is remarkable. Not long ago I had a new terrier, and on the day after his arrival I took him out for his first walk in the neighbourhood—it was a Sunday in suburban London, so that there were hundreds of other dogs about.

About three miles from home we lost him, and though we could see dogs of every description under the sun, the one we wanted seemed to have vanished.

I and one of my friends continued the fruitless search, while another returned home at once to see if the dog had found his way back.

Sure enough, the puppy was there awaiting him, having got back in far quicker time than my friend.

Since then he has found his way back to his master in many strange towns that he has visited, but he has never been thrashed for getting lost.

He is always apologetic enough, and does not need to be told he has done wrong.

EASY AND UNCOMMON.

There are times when a man wants to make some small present to a friend, and is hard put to it to find something that is a little out of the common without being expensive.

Anyone with a taste for metal work can easily make some uncommon gifts at little cost by the aid of a small stove or even the nearly always handy gas jet, a pair of pliers, a hammer, a little solder, and patience.

Here are a few suggestions.

A money-box formed entirely of copper coins beaten out and welded together is something quite unique, or an ash tray made of the same "humble browns."

A brooch can be manufactured out of a two-shilling piece, either by simply affixing a pin and catch by means of a little solder, or by nipping out pieces so as to make a sort of filigree.

Rings can be formed out of shillings or foreign silver coins, and so can dainty little charms—a heart, a star, or a horseshoe. Fond feminine relatives will greatly appreciate a brooch or trinket cleverly devised out of twisted gold wire, which can be bought at a working jeweller's, and which the amateur can shape to his fancy.

In fact, there is no end to the pretty trifles which the talented amateur can turn out in his improvised workshop with materials ready to his hand.

A HANDY WARDROBE.

To the man who does not care to mix his civilian and military kits together in a wardrobe, and has not a second one at his disposal, I would offer this simple tip.

In almost every bedroom there are one or two recesses by the side of the fireplace, which stands out twelve to twenty inches from the wall.

In one of these recesses in my bedroom I have had a shelf twenty inches wide and seven feet long put up, about six feet from the floor. On the front of this I have a rod holding two long tapestry curtains, which are free to slide open from the centre, and which reach to the floor.

Around the inside, and on the underside of the shelf, I have hooks to take shoulder pieces for coats and accoutrements, and on the shelf I keep my boots, shoes, leggings, and spurs not actually in use.

My trouser-press, which before had no cover and stood anywhere, now stands on a small low table inside the recess, and is covered by the curtains.

This makes an admirable wardrobe, useful to Territorials as it keeps one's uniforms together, and can be adopted by the civilian for putting away those clothes which one does not like to put side by side in a wardrobe with one's best; for instance, rough weather garments, macs, riding and shooting kits, and so on.

I am a member of a Yeomanry Regiment and have four complete uniforms as well as great-cloaks, &c., to keep smart, and I am very particular about their appearance, as I have had them four years, and a mess dress, for example, is to me rather an expensive item.

GARDENING HINTS.

The winter is the "tidying-up time" in the garden, for there is not much to be done beyond keeping it neat.

All leaves by this time have fallen, and ought to have been collected in a tidy heap for future use. Decayed leaves make the finest manure in the world.

Those who go in for roses ought to be careful and see that the roots are well protected against frost. Even the hardiest kinds are none the worse for a little care in this respect.

Planting can be done during the winter, so long as the weather is open

The grass can be cut at the edges and the walks gravelled and rolled.

Before "roughing up" beds it is as well to manure them.

Digging and trenching are best done in the cold months, and what a fine, healthy, warming exercise it is, to be sure!

If any plants—in pots or otherwise—have been stored, it is advisable to see that they don't freeze.

SOMETHING YOU CAN WRITE.

Send us a paragraph on some subject that really interests you. We want something dashing and original that will interest your fellow-readers.

If your paragraph needs a bit of polishing up we'll do it. Don't exceed 250 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. W. A. Blythe, 253, Pemstone Road, Sheffield, for "A Handy Wardrobe."

THE USES OF BROWN PAPER.

A good thick sheet of brown paper, though a humble thing, is not to be despised—its uses are manifold. Put between two thin blankets, it will increase the warmth of the bed covering amazingly.

Buy a sheet at a stationer's, and keep it handy for emergencies.

If several thicknesses are shaped to measure and pasted together, and put into boots or shoes that are wearing out and likely to let the wet in, the humble brown paper will be found a godsend, keeping warmth in and damp out, and thereby lessening the risk of chills.

A scrap-book for cuttings or postcards can be made of several sheets of brown paper doubled and stitched together.

A useful and ornamental screen can be arranged with several large sheets of brown paper stretched over a few laths of wood and decorated with scraps which show up well on the brown background, and then you have something both useful and artistic.

Brown paper dipped in brandy is a time-honoured remedy for bruises.

A piece of brown paper sprinkled with vinegar and black pepper is a good and simple cure for toothache.

A ready substitute for a mustard plaster is a square of brown paper and the contents of the mustard pot.

An old-fashioned fumigator was a large spill of brown paper lighted and allowed to smoulder, and it certainly compared most favourably with the sickly fumes given off by "ribbons" and imitation joss sticks.

RACK OR MANGER?

Which is the best place to put a horse's feed of hay? In a rack above his head, in the manger, or on the floor?

All three methods are adopted by those who have charge of horses, but there is little doubt which is the best.

If the hay be put in a rack high up on the wall for the horse to pull out as he wants it, he will pull loose bits of hay all over his head and neck, they will stick in his mane and coat, and a shower of hay seed will fall into his eyes at every pull.

If the feed be put on the floor, much of it will be wasted, for most horses are dainty feeders, and do not care for eating off a stable floor, nor will they touch hay that they have accidentally trampled upon.

The Army plan, which, as usual, is the best in these matters, is to have a rack side by side with the manger, in which the hay is put, while the corn and chaff is put in the solid manger itself, so that the horse can feed at ease and in a natural position.

THE USEFUL REFERENCE BOOK.

It has always been a fad of mine to collect as many reference books as I can, so that I have a whole fund of information in print and in a form which makes it easy to turn up anything or anybody.

It enables me to read the daily newspapers with greater interest, and I can often find explanations of facts and statements which would otherwise have to be taken for granted or disbelieved.

I do not mean to say that my library consists solely of encyclopædias. I have only one of them, but besides this and my other books I have a large collection of year-books, directories, Court guides and other lists.

Very few of them are quite up to date. But I have discovered that one can often pick up a half-guinea reference book that is five years out of date for sixpence or so at a secondhand bookshop, while one that is only a year old can usually be obtained for half-price. For all practical purposes these are just as useful to me.

Amongst my reference books are always the Navy and Army lists, "Who's Who," an English dictionary, a peerage or two, "Whitaker," and a host of other more specialised and technical annuals.

A STORY OF THE OPEN.

ADVENTURES IN ARCADY

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

Now, all this arose because my friend James Vessey was born out of his proper period.

He should have lived in Elizabethan times, when a man with a turn for exploration and adventure had a chance of making a little banking account for himself. His taste adventure-ways will ultimately lead him into a police-court on a charge of trespassing, or, mayhap, an infuriated keeper will "pepper" him.

Of all this no matter—so long as *I* am not in his company, and, therefore, included in the police-court or the "peppering." If you have a maniac for a friend, humour him, they say. *I* say, do nothing of the sort.

And I make that statement because Jimmy said: "Let's explore that wood. There's a break in the fencing, and it's any odds we can scramble through there and chance the ducks!"

"Or the gamekeepers," I interposed, cautiously. The winding road and lawful way stretched before us.

"We'll bother about them when we meet 'em."

"They'll probably bother a deal more about us."

"Great Scott! You're a funk!"

"I'm not!" (Indignantly.)

"Well, follow me."

He was crackling about in the undergrowth knee deep.

"Come along, sporty, and look out for the hidden roots. Hang!"

He stopped short.

"Hallo," I said. "Keepers?"

"No, my breeks. They're thin, and I'm caught on a bramble. Careful does it. So! We'll make for the clearing."

He was still swaying about in the undergrowth. The belt of his old Norfolk coat was obscured now, and ominous sounds as of tearing material spoke of a harassing time for a long-suffering pair of breeches—faithful servants that now were on their last seams.

I followed with an easy confidence born of superior corduroys and leather leggings, thanking my fortunate stars that I had thought to include them in my kit-bag for that rusticating week-end which I was enjoying at the instance and hospitality of James Vessey, Adventurer, in parts unknown to all save a race of shaggy-bearded, blue-eyed descendants of the early Britons, who gave us, as we met them on the rough road, the "good marnen'" or "good arternune" that is the birthright to all white-collared people from the towns.

Thus I floundered along in the difficult path of James, and as the undergrowth rose nearer and nearer to the height of my chin, and giant, octopus-like brambles essayed to grasp me with their thorny tentacles, I also cursed James and his ways with a loud voice.

"Shut up, you owlet!" James hissed.

James is a born Cortez. I obeyed without further questioning, and stumbled along in his wake over hidden roots, which, somehow, he miraculously managed to avoid.

"Great Scott!" James commented. Some rotten twigs underfoot had sent pistol shots echoing through the wood.

"Sure as eggs we shall get spotted by the keepers! You're making about as much noise as an army of London policemen, and. . . . Drop, quick!"

I "dropped" as promptly upon the word of command as a Sergeant-Major of Yeomanry had taught me, and squatted behind a "bonnie briar bush." Only the thorn-pierced cap of James was visible over the swaying sea of autumnal half-tints that led to the glorious brown fire blaze in the afternoon sunlit clearing . . . and there were dark figures—men of the nineteenth century—in that clearing!

Somehow or other I had expected Robin Hood and his merry men to come upon us at any moment. Forgotten in my mind was the law of trespass, the law of well-stocked preserves, the law of everything except that this sylvan splendour, this piece of England at its old-world best, was my very own pleasance to roam in, under the careless leadership of James. And there were men of to-day slinking through the leaf-strewn path.

"Oh, curse!" said James, suddenly. "They're going to sit down!"

The party—there were three of them—seated themselves comfortably on a moss-green bank beneath a larch, and, taking out pipes, commenced to smoke contentedly.

One drew a paper from his pocket and read aloud therefrom. We could not catch the purport, but the sound of their laughter floated down wind to us.

"Must be something dam' funny," James growled under his breath.

It is hard, however, to see the humour of any situation with thorns sticking into one.

"Hang 'em!" I observed sympathetically. "Evidently labourers from the Hall Farm. You've got us into a pretty mess, young man, you and your Christopher Columbus act."

I parted the wet, prickly brambles, and peered through. A snail hanging on a broad leaf near-by peered at me, retired into his shell, and fell off by way of protest at this alien intrusion into his domain.

The men were still smoking. I could see the blue wreaths ascending lazily above the golden brown of the dead fern. Through the almost leafless branches of the trees beyond, the yellow tints of a watery sunset merging into the palest of greens showed on the cloudless, watchful sky, and in the middle distance there was an intangible purple haze hanging about the fringe of the denser woodlands beyond the clearing—purple that faded as you looked into it.

I was reminded that the men were still by the larch tree by yet another guffaw breaking, shattering, despoiling the sylvan essence of rich stately peace. Far down the wood some little animal, startled by the unseemly noise, scuttled through the undergrowth. . . .

"Thank Heaven, they're going to move!" said the cramped James, suddenly.

The men had risen.

"So are we," said I. "Back to the road!"

"Back to the road after all we've endured?" James flung an incisive whisper across the space that divided us. "Back to the road after I've nearly stiffened waiting here? Not likely, my sporty boy! You can go back if you like. I'm going on. I'm beginnin' to like it, thanks. The enemy have relinquished the position. We take it. Besides, they've left that paper, and I wonder what the giddy joke is. Come on, Pizarro, and be wary of keepers. They'd swear we'd got designs on the pheasants. Personally, *I* prefer the homely roast chicken to all your high game. . . . Yes; we can get on, now. . . . We ought to land out somewhere if we keep going straight."

"That's pretty vague," I ventured to remark, as I crashed through the bristling bushes.

"Christopher never knew if he was going to land out anywhere at all!" said James, sighing. "Now the blidiots have done the whole bally world in. . . . And left nothing to *me*."

"But a fertile imagination, to say nothing of a rooted preference for straying out of the beaten path."

"H-m. What was adventure in those days is merely breaking some beastly fandangled law of property in these times."

"Socialist!" I hissed, and fell to sucking the blood from a thorn-pierced finger, cursing James the while.

We emerged at last from the brushwood, our clothes torn and infested with thorns, to say nothing of strange insects that stalked clumsily over the roughness of our old tweeds and avoided untimely death by taking flight or rolling themselves into tiny balls and falling to the ground.

Even James permitted himself to give vent to an expressive "Phew" as he rearranged his cap on his shock head.

The tree and the paper that contained the huge joke were but a few yards distant. James insisted on creeping up to the tree with all the stealth of a stalking Pathan, and far more cautious than an explorer coming upon strange tracks.

"My dear chap," he explained, "those fellows might reappear at any minute."

"Then where's our line of retreat?" I fell upon him triumphantly with military tactics; I was no woodcraftsman. We were practically crawling on all fours side by side.

"There's no line of retreat," he growled. "We simply hide behind the big oak there. See?"

"Er—Yes. But—"

"'Buts' strictly barred," growled James, cautiously seating himself on the rather damp mossy bank. "This is delicious!"

He lifted up the paper. There was only a half-sheet of it.

"Don't you feel," he began, "that they should——"

"Have stuck it through the tree with an arrow?"

I was following his line of thought.

"And it ought to be a challenge to the man in possession."

"The lord in possession," I amended.

"Same thing," growled James.

"Nothing of the sort," I replied cheerfully. "Mr. Lloyd George says——."

"Yes, yes. But"—James was scanning the paper anxiously—"this is a bit of the 'Midshire Daily Press.' Don't see anything very witty in it."

I took the fragment from his hand, and at last dropped on the paragraph that had appealed to the sense of humour of the three men. In the middle distance the glorious purple haze and brown fire-fern that fringed the thick wood were merging one into the other, and a bat wheeled by squealing oddly.

I read the paragraph in a half-whisper, succumbing to a look of unnecessary caution from James.

"'DAYLIGHT POACHERS.—Some fifty men in the Wingsbridge district of Midshire, being out of employ, are openly poaching in broad daylight upon the various well-stocked preserves in the neighbourhood. The men are pursuing their lawless occupation in bands of threes, fours, and fives, and they offer violence to any landowners or keepers who interfere with them. They are members of a Socialistic league, and contend that the land and the game thereon belongs to the people. It is believed that they will invade Lord Cartney's woods to-day, and a strict surveillance is therefore being kept by the local police and the keepers.'"

"Gorgeous!" said James. "We're in luck's way, boy! This *is* an adventure if you like!"

I was fairly well up in local general knowledge.

"But it's not Lord Cartney's wood," I put in.

"Of course not. Can't you see this paper's given the show away? Newspapers are the very best friends of law-breakers. Look at the information they afford them!"

"Half a sec.," I said. "How do you know they *are* the Daylight Poachers?"

"Because they laughed at the paragraph—idiot! Otherwise what's funny in it?"

"Speaking as the landed proprietor of a back garden, well

stocked with sparrows, I should say it's very serious," I admitted.

James, however, had turned away from me and had plunged his hand into a little bush below the mound.

He pulled out a small pamphlet-sized paper, bedewed and flimsy.

"Great Hardie!" he exclaimed. "But we're fairly in the thick of it, boy." He gloated over the printed matter. "Gee whizz, this chap's got a command of flowery language, if you like! And hanged if I don't agree with him in parts, too!"

He read me well-buttered extracts in praise of "our brethren of Wingsbridge who are nobly defying the authority of an effete oligarchy." The "paper" was famous for its frequent suppression.

"Lovely," James commented, "though cribbed from dear Lloyd. Of course the D.P.s have been refreshing their Socialistic thirst with this, before annexing a few odd pheasants for their 'frugal subsistence,' as this chap calls it. Dam' good subsistence—pheasants. Lot worse things than being a Daylight Poacher—providin' always that you're not copped by those who live on unearned increment."

"Providin' always that you're not copped by those who live on unearned increment!" echoed an awful voice behind us.

James started, and looked up very slowly.

"I beg your pardon," he said, loftily, to a stubble-bearded stranger. "I was addressing my friend, and I don't see what right you've got to interfere."

"Any man's got a right to use the natural means of communication with another man," growled the intruder, "and I don't care if your bloomin' uncle is the supposed owner of the place, either!"

James scientifically kicked my leg.

"It's funny," he said, "that you should hit upon facts like that."

I played up to his lead.

"Very strange," I echoed, "considering this is the first time you've ever been on a visit to your uncle. Our friend here can't know your face, James."

"Ho!" said the stranger. "That's 'ow the land lies, is it?"

He put his fingers to his mouth and gave vent to a shrill whistle.

"What's that for?" James asked comfortably.

"You'll see," said the stranger, in ominous tones.

"All right, William," said James, soothingly.

"My name's George," the man observed sullenly.

James rose.

"Well, good afternoon, George," he said. "My friend and I are off up to the Hall. It's getting dusky."

"Not bloomin' likely!" said George with decision. "We've secured the other gentlemen"—an unlovely sneer here—"we aren't going to let you go and give the show away. We're on a little shooting expedition."

George reached round the back of the tree and produced a bran new double-barrelled sporting gun.

"Might go off," he said dramatically, "if you was to be too much trouble."

"Rot!" said James. "Don't be theatrical."

"Don't be saucy," George advised him, "and don't talk."

"Any man's got a right to use the natural means of communication with another man," James quoted happily. "Besides, that's the head-keeper's gun."

It was a chance shot.

"He lent it me this afternoon," said George smoothly. James winked imperceptibly at me, and I mentally registered a bull's-eye in his favour.

The man took a seat by the side of us, with the gun lying across his knees—a silent threat.

"Your pals are a long time coming," James observed.

"'Spect they are gettin' a good bag," George replied complacently.

We could hear the "blunk-blunk" of the guns in the denser thickets echoing on the damp air.

"Bill Tyler," George remarked after a pause, "could give some of you lordlings points at shooting and lose you! It's for chaps such as him as these fair wooded lands are made. To his skilled aim should the plumed pheasant and the plump partridge fall."

"You're quoting that leader-writer," James cut in, quickly.

"*He* wants the game for food. Your sort shoot for sport," George continued, disregarding James's interruption. "Then, you should see him on horse-back! He'd fairly whack some of you huntin' gentlemen at that. I'd back him at anything, meself ——"

James's fist shot out and caught our captor well under the chin.

"Would you back him at *that?*" he asked, calmly, as he annexed the gun before the dazed and much-surprised Daylight Poacher could rise from the far from advantageous position he occupied on his back at the foot of the moss-grown mound.

George opened his mouth to yell. James handled the gun ominously.

"Don't fool, man!" he said, warningly. "Get up; I'm not going to hurt you."

"Not so sure," said George, sullenly.

The sound of the guns was nearer now.

"Sit beside us on this bank, as if nothing had happened. Give me all the cartridges you've got. I'll unload the gun."

"There's nothing in it, sir," said George meekly.

There was not.

"No need for 'sirs,' George. It's only pandering to class distinctions. Now, compose yourself, my friend, and I'll tell you something."

If assuming an unlovely sneer can be called composing oneself, George did it.

"I'm a Socialist myself," said James Vessey, very impressively. "My friend and I admire you no end. Don't we?"

"It's gospel," I agreed, wondering what James was driving at now.

"Go you on," George said unkindly, "you're a gentleman!"

"I'm not. I'm a Socialist," said James.

He paused. George scratched his head. The remark was enigmatic, but not a ghost of a smile appeared on James's countenance.

"Fact is," James continued, "I know my uncle is silly about these things, but I'm not. I merely objected to the gun being pointed at me."

"You're enlightened," said George.

"Quite so. I think you have a perfect right to shoot in these woods at any time. In fact, I've persuaded my uncle to my way of thinking. To-day you fellows are free. I came to tell the gamekeepers so. I see your friends are coming now. Perhaps you will conduct us to the lodge, where I presume you had to use a little——"

"Persuasion," George put in.

"Quite so. Quite so." James raised a deprecating hand. "Natural under the circumstances, of course. Socialism cannot be said to have gained any hold on men in the employ of those who live on unearned increment which has descended to them by the mere accident of birth. . . . But your friends approach."

We were introduced vaguely to Mr. William Tyler and his friend Joseph Ballam, who regarded us with disfavour and distrust.

James, however, disarmed them with wholesale quotations from the scurrilous pamphleteer's leader, and echoed their sentiments in new phraseology instructive to hear.

It appeared that they had the gamekeepers under lock and key and an armed guard. For thoroughness the British Army was not within a mile of these Daylight Poachers.

"The mistake," said James, "must be corrected."

They led us by devious paths to the lodge, the door of which opened to three taps and a mystic password.

The head-gamekeeper was groaning over the fire in company with other gamekeepers who philosophically smoked.

"What now—gentlemen?" asked the head-gamekeeper. The last word was seemingly torn from his breast. "Oh, if I had my gun for a moment. I'd pepper you varmints—disturbing my pheasants. Dang ye, I would! You'll have to pay for this, my bonny boys. So will your two new toffy pals.

"What's your name, my man?" asked James loftily.

"Harmer—and a darn good name, too."

"Don't be insolent to your betters, Harmer," Mr. Tyler advised. "This is Lord Surrenden's nevvy."

"Well, he's in bad company, if I may say so," said Harmer, unconvinced.

"Is he? You should hear him talk on the Brotherhood of Man. He's got eddication. That's more than you have, *Mister* Harmer!"

"Look here, men," said James, suddenly. "Just put down those guns, as I can see that Mr. Harmer thinks you mean him harm."

James turned to me.

"Collect the guns!" he said imperiously.

I did as I was bid. At his command I followed him round the table with military briskness.

"Have I," said James, turning to the Daylight Poachers, "your full permission to act as I think fit?"

"Aye, aye," from Mr. Bill Tyler and his friends.

"Thank you," he said, as he returned the three guns to the surprised head-gamekeeper and his two henchmen.

James collapsed comfortably into an armchair.

"We will now wish you a very good afternoon," he said. "It's an equal division of property. You have the "bag." Our friends here have the guns and the remainder of their cartridges. These gentlemen"—James waved towards the three smiling keepers—"will doubtless see you safely off the property, and at my suggestion they will allow you to retain the bag."

"Pooh, you aren't worthy to be the nephew of Lord Surrenden," said George cuttingly.

"That's a good thing, because, you see, I'm *not*," James observed. "Besides, it's a mere class distinction."

The gamekeepers stared.

"No, I'm only a commoner," he continued.

"We thought you were a gentleman, at least," said George hotly.

"But I *told* you I was only a Socialist!" said James. "You don't think we sha'n't have our division of the spoils, too, do you?"

Mr. Tyler replied with one long line of turgid Anglo-Saxon, whereupon the head-gamekeeper grasped him by his coat collar and conducted him thence, followed by the two gamekeepers in charge of the other men.

I waited in admiring silence until their footsteps had died away on the gravel path.

"Well?" I permitted myself to remark.

"A most successful afternoon," said James, kicking the fire into a blaze. "The gamekeepers rescued from the Daylight Poachers, the Daylight Poachers tactfully saved from the wrath of the gamekeepers and the arm of the law."

"Yes, but where does our share of the spoil come in?" I asked.

"The adventure, you owl!" said James, and placed the kettle on the hob, to await the return of the keepers and a welcome cup of tea.

THINGS YOU WANT.

There are many of the very things you want advertised this week by other readers on the third page of the cover.

Have a look at these advertisements. They will interest you even if you are not buying.

If there is something you want but don't find advertised, insert a brief announcement of your requirements. You will have plenty of replies to select from, and your advertisement need not cost more than a shilling.

MY HAT

SOME THOUGHTS OF AN OLD FRIEND.

At first sight it may be deemed unwarrantable presumption that I should consider my hat to be of the slightest interest to anybody but myself.

That, indeed, such a trifle should interest even me may do my reputation for intelligence in this world much harm. But wait. There is a reason, and I shall come to it presently.

It is a bowler hat.

There was a time when it was a presentable hat. There is nothing flagrantly disreputable about it even now. The brim is there, and the crown has no perceptible scars, though I did sit upon it once in a theatre, nor has it yet the brown resulting from long exposure to the severe inclemencies of our climate.

It was a black bowler hat to start with, and its complexion has not deteriorated to an extent that any but the prejudiced would comment upon.

Indeed, as I repudiate probable accusations, I am becoming persuaded that it is a very fair specimen of a hat as hats go—hats, that is, which can be bought for three-and-ninepence.

MY ONE EXPENSIVE TILE.

That was the cost of mine. I never pay more nowadays. I am gifted with the manner that lends distinction to the apparel.

There was a time—one time only—when a friend of mine, who had ten times more money than myself, and was far less worthy to possess it, inveigled me into squandering ten-and-sixpence on one hat.

He told me it would last double as long as the cheaper one, and always look smart and fashionable and decorative.

He asked me to look at his own. He said there was nothing a man ought to pay more attention to than being well hatted and well shod. He quoted several instances of ruined careers through neglect of this simple precaution.

He was, in short, extremely eloquent and convincing about hats, and obviously anxious as to my future.

I borrowed five shillings from him and bought the half-guinea hat.

It was a very nice hat. It became me well. It was jaunty without impudence, affluent without vulgarity. I felt more refined the instant it touched my head.

Beside it my old bowler looked coarse and ill-bred. I felt ashamed of it.

ITS TRAGIC END.

The salesman was self-conscious when he asked me what address I would like it sent to. I told him it didn't matter. Trembling on my tongue was an elaborate explanatory narrative as to how I came to own such an offensive hat. I think I was really anxious to imply that the hat was not really mine but my friend's, but impromptu mendacity is not my *forte*.

I parted with my skull-protector of many days, and emerged with its substitute, glorying and glorious.

The new hat was so light that I could hardly feel it on my head.

I scarcely felt it go when a jealous gust of wind removed it.

When I did see it again the wheel of a motor-omnibus had not quite reached it. I remember the fascination with which I watched ——.

But to return to my present hat. It is on the table before me as I write. It is just a silent, subdued thing with a humble expression, but every now and then I gaze at it with pride and affection. There is something unusual and wonderful about that hat, though you wouldn't think so to look at it.

My hat is a symbol. My hat is a testimony to the love of mankind. It is an extractor of the milk of human kindness. By my hat I have been brought into fellowship with my kin.

It all came about in this way.

The other afternoon I was resting on a seat in one of the London parks. The day was cold, but exercise of brain had made my head hot, and so I had placed my hat upon the ground at my side.

Wrapt in dreamy contemplation, I was disturbed by a voice, and opened my eyes to see that a young man had paused in passing and was addressing me.

"Excuse me," said he, "your hat has fallen off."

"Thanks, very much," said I, and, so as not to show that I was ungrateful for his kindly intimation, I picked the hat up, and did not put it down again until he was out of sight.

BLESS THEM ALL!

A little while later a touch on the arm aroused me. A tiny girl with solemn eyes, too frightened to speak, was holding out my hat to me.

I thanked her also, and after watching me doubtfully as I replaced the hat on the ground, she ran away after her nurse.

Shortly afterwards a stout woman in black told me about my hat; then a man, walking past briskly, called back a reminder; then another child did the same; and lastly, a young lady, imagining I was asleep, tiptoed up to me and placed the hat on my head.

I let it stay after that.

Need I say more to explain the preciousness of my hat? Does it not prove the universality of kindness in the human heart.

THE KINDNESS OF HUMAN NATURE.

None of those people knew me, and it could make no difference to them whether I caught a beastly cold or not. No. Their concern for me was instinctive and irresistible. They were but animated by that touch of gentleness which makes the whole world kin.

So there it lies, my hat! Use has made it too large for me after tonsorial curtailment. I have to wear it at an angle totally unsuited to my unobtrusive bearing, to prevent my eyebrows being hidden. It makes an unsightly mark on my forehead because of its weight. It is the very nuisance of a hat.

Yet I am never going to part with it.

When I can afford to buy another, I shall carry it carefully away with me. And when heaviness of heart comes, and it seems that my sympathy with my fellow-creatures is severed, that hat is going to be my comfort and the awakener of new hope.

ARTHUR JACKSON.

KEEPING CIGARETTES IN CONDITION.

If you buy a large box of cigarettes, containing a hundred or so, you will find that before you reach the last one they have become dry and harsh to the palate.

The remedy is simple. Keep your cigarettes in a tin box that is practically air-tight, and, instead of continually opening it when you want to fill your case, keep a separate box as a sort of temporary store, and put about twenty in it at a time. When it is emptied put in another twenty, and so forth.

By thus leaving the larger box undisturbed as much as possible, you will prevent your cigarettes from losing their flavour and moisture.

If you do not possess a proper cigarette-box, a coffee-tin will do as a storing-place.

WHY DOES BILLIARDS FASCINATE?

A QUESTION OF INTEREST TO KNIGHTS OF THE CUE.

There are many men—so many that one couldn't count them—to whom the sight of two white balls and one red one lying on a well-kept green cloth is enough to impart a thrill of pleasure and an irresistible impulse to seize a slender and exquisitely balanced cue in an eager yet tender grasp.

I am one of those men—and I have often wondered in what the great fascination of billiards consists.

One reason, in my opinion, centres in the infinite variety of strokes one is called upon to make in the course of a "hundred up," and in the extreme satisfaction a player derives from bringing off a good shot.

You are in hand, let us say, and the "red" is just beyond the right-hand centre pocket, about nine inches away from the cushion. You will try a "long jenny." Deftly you pass the chalk over the tip of your cue, in exactly the manner, as you fondly imagine, that you have seen Harverson do it in Leicester Square.

Then you touch your ball low down on the right side, and push rather than strike it on to the red.

With what pleasure do you watch, while, for an infinitesimal space, it "hangs" after the click, and then "screws" its way along the cushion, and finally drops sweetly into the welcoming pocket. You feel an exultation that only a billiard player can know, as the marker takes it out and rolls it back to you for your next shot.

There is a conviviality in a billiard room, be it in your own home, in a cosy hotel, or in a club, that is met with in few other places.

Men sit about, chat together, laugh over a good joke, and finally play a hundred up. Somehow, whichever of them wins, when the last delicate "click" has sounded, and the marker calls out "Game," in cold, impartial tones, those two men, though this may be only their first meeting, feel that there is a bond of union between them.

Billiards inculcates a spirit of emulation and sportsmanship in a greater degree than any other indoor pastime.

Say that you are playing a game, and your adversary has got the balls well under his control, and is reeling off a long break. If you are a true devotee of the game—and it's long odds that you are, or you would have dropped it after your first lesson—you won't feel in the slightest degree annoyed, but will experience almost as much exhilaration at your opponent's good display as if it had been your own.

"Oh, good shot, sir!" you will exclaim, enthusiastically, as he brings off a difficult "screw back," or a well-thought-out cushion cannon; and at the end of his break you will go to the table more determined than ever to beat him.

One great fascination about billiards is the evident improvement that is brought about by practice. At cricket one may go to the nets day after day for weeks, and yet find at the end that one is no better than when one started. At football, golf, boxing it is the same thing; but with billiards it is different.

Somehow one cannot help improving. One learns to strike one's ball more cleanly, to aim straighter at the object-ball; one learns to see more and more strokes ahead with every game.

And, again, billiards is essentially a man's game. We all know that in many country houses the ladies are wont to invade the billiard-room, and demand that the men shall teach them to play—and they have their way.

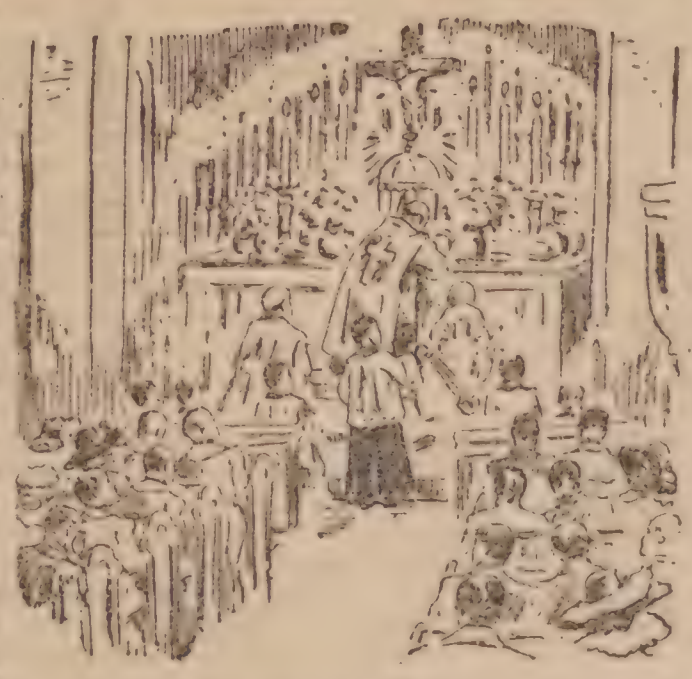
But their instructors do not enjoy themselves. They would much sooner be teaching their fair pupils croquet—or any other game. Though they perhaps don't confess it even to themselves, they resent feminine intrusion, and are only happy again when the last dainty skirt has fluttered through the billiard-room door.

No, billiards is man's natural indoor game; and therein, to my mind, lies its true fascination.

E. MARSTON.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XLIV.—NEW YEAR'S EVE.



To the Englishman the advent of the New Year is little more than a date on the calendar, and a time for the formation of temporary resolutions, but to the Scotsman the New Year is a festival to be celebrated with far more enthusiasm than he bestows on the celebration of Christmas.

At such a time the Scotsman gives himself rein, and the quiet, calculating sedateness with which he is generally credited disappears—if it ever existed in actual fact.

In the streets of a Scotch town there is on New Year's Eve what a newspaper reporter would describe in dealing with a police-court case as "sensation."

There is a strange atmosphere of elation about the people. Young ladies whose aim it has always been to comport themselves with the dignity that has been preached to them at an English boarding-school or by a private governess now become simply young women, without the artificiality that has been instilled into them by their particular form of education.

AFFECTATION FORGOTTEN.

"Do not misunderstand me; I would not have you think for a moment that they forget themselves, for I have yet to meet the Scotswoman who ever does that; but if you happen to meet one of these young ladies on New Year's Eve, even if she be on her way to the midnight service at the parish church, you will notice a change in her. For the moment, at least, she sees things as they are, and you find in her a picture of ideal womanhood—simple, pure, unaffected. She, like the rest of us, is standing on the threshold of a new period of life, and she realises the fact that there is something more in life than the niceties of etiquette, which it has been her business to learn assiduously.

On New Year's Eve you will meet many such young ladies in the streets of a Scotch city, as they make their way to church, and I may say that the memory of them necessarily permeates any recollection that I may attempt to write concerning New Year's Eve.

There are others to be met with in these same streets and at this same time. There are the farmers, ruddy, bearded, and dressed in clothes that are more notable for their substance than for their cut. They have come to the town to celebrate their New Year, and you can see in their faces that they appreciate the fun that is going on around them, even although they do not take any active part in it.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF FUN.

What this fun consists of it is difficult to describe. There is nothing boisterous about it, in the early part of the evening at least, but there is an air of gaiety on every hand. As you pass the shops a reek of hot air comes out to greet you. It smells of warmth and of business, and of the special commodity sold there.

Above everything you perceive the smell of oranges, for on every festive occasion the youth of Scotland appears to expend its pence on this particular fruit, and the skins thereof are bestrewed upon the pavement ready to catch the unwary heel.

The music-halls on New Year's Eve could be twice filled. Those who have booked seats or have arrived early prepare themselves for the enjoyment of the entertainment, while those who have been turned away, to the great regret of themselves and the management, look about for some other form of amusement to while away the evening.

On New Year's Eve the turns presented are no better than usual, but every one is received by the audience with the keenest enthusiasm.

The goodwill that the Southerner expended at Christmas is reserved in Scotland for the advent of the coming year, and it does not form a bad beginning either.

There is no rowdyism when the music-halls disgorge their audiences, and many of the men betake themselves at once to a church in order to participate in the midnight service. They come directly from amusement to worship, and there is nothing incongruous about the transition, for their amusement has been as innocent as their worship will be hearty.

MIDNIGHT MASS.

Some who have never previously attended a Roman Catholic service will go on this evening to the celebration of Mass.

The notes of the violins that accompany the singing may strike them as strange and almost foreign, for we have traditions as to the instruments that may be employed in the musical adoration of the Deity. But in spite of this and all other objections that may be felt by the man who attends a Roman Catholic service for the first time, he is wholly lacking in imagination if he fails to perceive the dignity of this ancient form of worship. Those parts of the service which are conducted in Latin will probably be unintelligible to him, but he cannot fail to be thrilled by the music and by the dignity of his surroundings.

The majority of Scottish worshippers, however, betake themselves, not to a Roman Catholic cathedral, but to their own particular parish church.

AS THE HOUR STRIKES.

The service starts generally at eleven o'clock, and runs on until after midnight. You wonder whether the actual striking of the hour is going to interrupt the preacher in some discourse, or is going to clash with the music of some hymn, but things are timed carefully. Precisely one minute before twelve—for he has set his watch right by the church clock that very evening—the clergyman says: "We shall spend the next few minutes in silent prayer."

It is not the general custom in Scotch churches for the congregation to kneel, but heads are lowered on hands across the desks that are not usually lowered.

Not a sound disturbs the silence of the church as the chimes ring out and the hammer sounds on the bell the twelve ominous strokes that indicate the passing of one year and the coming of another.

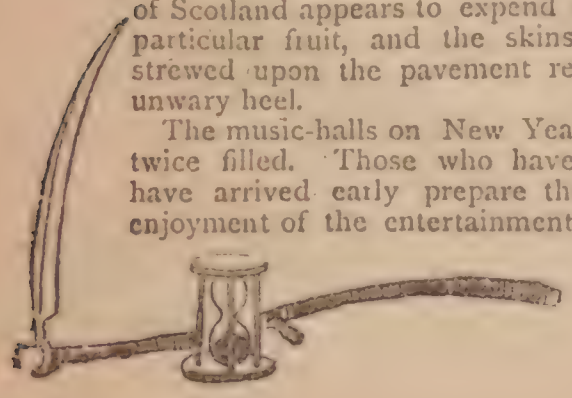
Each man has his own feelings, his own desires, his own regrets, and what he says to his Maker at such a time it would be sacrilege even to guess.

A moment after the clock has ceased striking, the clergyman again resumes command, and the service is rapidly brought to a close.

Out of the church file the men and women, and there is much laughter and chaff, for they have felt the refreshment of worship.

You reach your bed tired and mildly excited. The eve of the New Year has been a full one; the resolutions you have made are already half-forgotten; but you go to sleep with a feeling that there is still amongst men a certain amount of humanity and goodwill that makes life worth while.

PETER GILCHRIST.



SPORT WITH A POLE.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE COUNTRY MAN.

For sheer good fun there are few better sports than pole-jumping. By this I do not mean that sort of pole-jumping that is carried on upon the athletic ground, though this is quite a fine though rather neglected branch of athletics in England.

I have in mind the pole-jumping that I have so often enjoyed on many an afternoon with a few keen companions down on the lowlands that offer such splendid opportunities.

All over England there are admirable spaces where this capital sport may be enjoyed. Where there are large open levels intersected with dykes, after the manner of the East Anglian fenlands, the game reaches its highest perfection, but in every sort of country pole-jumping may be enjoyed.

One of its best qualities is the amount of really good fun that may be got out of it at comparatively little cost of exertion or enterprise. A whole afternoon can be spent without a dull moment by a couple of men with poles and a few miles of open country.

It is best whenever possible to indulge in the game where there is water, for there is an added excitement and interest in any sport where the immediate consequences of a "bad shot" are a good ducking.

Water gives an added zest to pole or any other jumping. I have run at many a hedge blindly in the hope that there will be no water on the other side, and I have always found a keener excitement in the process than when I could see a dry alighting ground.

When the ditches and rivers and dykes begin to fill again with the autumn rains, and the ground becomes treacherous and boggy, the pole-jumper thinks of his cross-country excursions.

All that is needed is a good stout pole such as all athletes are acquainted with. Any dress will do, so long as it does not include trousers, for trousers are an encumbrance such as no sportsman will suffer willingly. They are ugly, and an impediment to all exercise. Breeches, or even football shorts, are far better for this or any other active exercise.

It matters little which direction a pole-jumper takes; he will always, thanks to dear old England's country, find obstacles in his way—either fences or hedges, or gates or walls, or, best of all, streams and the smaller rivers.

Fun begins at once. Choosing a broad stream that runs between high banks, such a stream, indeed, as may be found in almost every English countryside, the pole-jumper soon learns that it needs a peculiar skill to get to the opposite bank even when this is only ten or twelve feet away across the water.

The right spot on which to plant the pole, the moment for springing, the heave and lift as the jumper is in the air, and the best way to alight safely and still retain possession of the pole, are all parts of the sport that do not come without many a false step, many a plosh into the water, and many a scramble up the opposite bank as the pole glides contentedly down stream or sticks fast in the ooze at the bottom.

The keen pole-jumper does not mind these things. He goes on again, even if the water in his boots does give a squelch and a fizzle every time he puts a foot to the ground.

The competition that can be worked up between two poling-men as to who will land safely across the widest part of the stream, or who will achieve the leap that seems impossible, is infinite in its variety, and affords jolly good fun.

In some parts of England where the land is soft and boggy and where water abounds, the pole-jumper fixes to the bottom of his pole a large flat disc of wood.

This prevents the pole from diving deep into the mud—a contingency that otherwise often happens, leaving the pole-jumper literally "up the pole," with the choice of "climbing down" into the water and wading to the bank, or waiting till his friends have finished making sport of him and will consent to effect his rescue.

C. DE F. JACKSON.

HOW THINGS STAND IN THE FOOTBALL WORLD

CLUBS THAT HAVE BEEN PROMINENT THIS SEASON.

With the approach of the New Year ends the lightest part of the football season. There is no doubt that the second half taxes players much more severely, because there are often inevitable draws in the Cup Competition which have to be played off—perhaps at a time when your club is struggling for promotion. There are also the final matches of any local leagues that you may be in, and often some friendly or charity games.

Add to all this the New Year's and the Easter programme, and it will easily be seen that the hardest is still to come. Now, as a matter of fact, in September you are longing for the fray, but in April you are quite ready to give it up.

Still, in the first half several clubs very unexpectedly have come to the front, and the triumph of the two Notts organisations is very marked.

GREAT GOAL SCORERS.

Notts County, who at the beginning of December were at the head of the League Table, have a clever centre-forward in Cantrell, who in the first three months scored twelve goals for his side, and his comrades in the front line co-operate most loyally with him and seem content to let him do the shooting.

As regards the rival Forest team, no other player had been able in the same period to score a goal except West and Morris, who exactly divided the eighteen goals standing to the credit of the club.

Notts County have a very interesting history, which started in 1862, and they could, up to two or three years ago, pose as the only team who won the Cup while in the Second Division of the League. Their memorable year was in 1894, when they were not even considered first class, and carried off the Cup.

NOTTS COUNTY.

The famous cricketer "Dapper Dicky Daft" played for them, as did two other great professionals whose names will never die, Arthur Shrewsbury and William Gunn. The latter became an International for England.

Another Daft kept up the family reputation, and has five International caps, gained in a day when the honour was more highly-prized than now. For more than thirty-two years Notts County have entered for the Cup, and twice in the early days they met the Old Etonians and Blackburn Rovers in the semi-final, but both were too good for the men from the Lace County.

They have not been a success until this season as Leaguers, and when I was captain, I would have given a good deal to have had some of the favours of fortune which have been theirs since September.

They reached the zenith of their fame in 1894, beating Burnley, Burton Wanderers, the rival Forest, Blackburn Rovers, and Bolton Wanderers. They have included in their ranks the brothers Cursham, J. A. Dixon, a splendid Christian philanthropist, and one who has International honours for cricket and football.

WICKET AND GOAL.

Curiously, they owe a lot to men who have been good at both games, and Sherwin, the celebrated wicket-keeper, was equally known at the winter game.

One must not forget George Toone, who certainly was a superb goal-keeper. To-day they keep up the cricket reputation, for Iremonger as a custodian ranks very highly indeed.

The Forest have also a long history, but they did not carry off the Cup until 1898, and few people were inclined to cavil at their success, for they were for twenty-one consecutive seasons in the competition. They have often been regarded as possible winners, but their ambition

has only been realised once. Yet they have reached the semi-final stage five times.

They have had many well-known players in their ranks, including Dr. Tinsley Lindley (who rendered such marked assistance to them, as well as to Cambridge University and the Corinthians), Charlie Daft, S. W. Widdowson, R. P. Hawksley, and John MacPherson, the International.

Both of these clubs have had very great success in rearing local players. To-day the Forest have a famous representative in G. Morris, who will soon be having his second benefit, and the whole team include some very useful players indeed. It is many years since the two clubs did so well as this season.

LUCKY GLOSSOP.

The leaders of the Second Division are Glossop, a club which owes its existence to Mr. Hill-Wood, the great cotton spinner, who is justly celebrated as an all-round sportsman, and who is now aspiring to a seat in Parliament for the High Peak Division. They have had a very long and unfortunate history, but they are a standing proof of what can be done with a small population and a crowd of enthusiastic supporters.

It is true that Mr. Hill-Wood spares no pains to get the very best men, with the result that they have been in the First Division and are hoping to get there again. Yet it is not very often that they have the aid of known players, though they are among the few clubs who can put an entire front line of amateurs into the field, and this policy has proved a very successful one.

They probably play more amateurs than any other professional club; but they have a very good man in Butler, a hard-working goal-keeper, who knows his business very well indeed. How far they will go is a matter for speculation, for the Christmas programme often means a very trying time indeed for clubs and causes a great shuffling of positions.

AT THE HALF-WAY LINE.

They are closely followed by Leicester Fosse, Derby County, Hull City, Fulham, and Manchester City, and there is a good deal of speculation as to which will be the clubs promoted. It may be that the Fosse have come down only to ascend once more; but be that as it may, the First Division is not a bed of roses, because it costs a very great deal of money, and wants a very liberal exchequer in order to be able to keep a position there.

In the First Division, Woolwich and Bolton have been very unfortunate indeed, but the Lancashire side look like getting the "wooden spoon."

So disgusted have the shareholders become that in the first week in December a large meeting of supporters was called and very plain things were said to those who are responsible for the side.

A year ago the same course was taken, but it must add a new terror to the lives of directors and managers to know that there is a rod in pickle in the shape of protest meetings if the side are not doing well.

THE UNLUCKY ONES.

Woolwich have shown some signs of improvement, and it may be taken for granted that they will make desperate efforts to escape the Second Division.

Chelsea, Bury, Preston, and Tottenham have also had a very hard time of it, while Grimsby Town and Lincoln City in the other Division are very down "in the dumps."

So far as the Southern League is concerned, West Ham United, Queen's Park Rangers, and Crystal Palace have done exceedingly well, but Reading and Croydon Common have had a very poor time. It is difficult to see how the last three or four clubs are going to make up the lee-way, but I shall not be surprised to see Northampton make every possible effort to retain the honours they secured last year.

After all, the anxious time is to come, and those who lead at the half-way line may occupy a very different position before the curtain rings down on April 30th.

WALTER BULL
(*Of Tottenham Hotspur.*)

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We are glad to be able to say that we now have League members in every part of the country and even in the Colonies. We shall not rest content, however, till every man of the right sort is a member. We don't want the other kind.

By joining the League, you pledge yourself to do what you can to further good sportsmanship and good fellowship.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

We specially recommend the tie-pins, as they are particularly neat.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

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The League Badge (Actual size)

TRYING CONCLUSIONS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

Bob Nelson and Reggie Wooldridge, who shared diggings in an unimportant town which we will call Swiftbury, were enjoying a quiet game of chess when a letter, which arrived by the evening's post addressed to Bob, caused the usual sunniness of that young gentleman's countenance to suffer a brief eclipse.

"Well, of all the——" said Bob, unmentionably.

"Quite so," said Reggie. "What is it? Another final application couched in novel form?"

"Worse. It's from my aunt, the lady of uncompromising virtue who rules most of the parish, and incidentally is much concerned about the spiritual welfare of her orphan nephew. Good luck to her, if she'll only leave him a bit for indulgence here below! Just listen to her.

"'My Dear Nephew,—I learn from Mr. Pilsen that you intend to take part in some disgusting pugilistic encounter to be held in the town this week. I confess it is difficult to reconcile one whose disposition I have always held to be gentle and self-respecting with a disgusting exhibition of this kind, nor can I believe you would deliberately incur my lasting displeasure by adhering to your determination.

"'Mr. Pilsen, whose esteem I value, as you know, says he has already remonstrated with you on the matter, and that you told him that it was no affair of his so long as you discharged your duties at the bank in a proper manner. This also is difficult to credit.

"'Please be a good boy, and write and say there is some mistake.—Your affectionate AUNT MARY.'"

Bob threw the letter on the table.

"The old buffer is after her money himself," he commented. "That's as clear as daylight."

"What! At her age?" said Reggie.

"It's never too old to marry," replied Bob, sententiously, "and it's precious little I should ever get if he managed it. I was a silly ass to tell him I had entered for this boxing competition at all. He's on visiting terms with her, you know, and of course he'd take the first opportunity of letting it out. Damn! I don't want to offend the old dame."

"Better chuck it up," suggested his chum.

"I'll see them both—. Well, not exactly that; but I'll be hanged if I will." Bob thrust his hands into his pockets, leaned back, and whistled ceiling-wards. "I should jolly well like to put a spoke in old Pilsen's wheel for this," he said at length. "Because he's bank manager, he's got an idea he's the biggest man on earth. I wonder how it could be done."

He furrowed his brow to think, then suddenly swept the chessmen into a box, unheeding his friend's protest, and got out ink and paper.

"What's the game?" asked Reggie, staring.

"You wait, and I'll show you."

Bob wrote industriously for some time, then again leaned back, an expression of satisfaction on his face.

"The reply of the fond and dutiful nephew?" guessed his companion.

"That's it. 'My dear Aunt,'" began Bob, reading—"'Your letter has created in me absolute astonishment. I hoped you knew me better than to think I could do anything that would offend you or belittle my opinion of myself. I am enclosing *in confidence*' (in confidence underlined, Reggie) the copy of a letter I have felt impelled to send to Mr. Pilsen. It explains itself. Of course I could not back out now without being thought a coward, and I am sure you would not like anyone to think that of me. Your affectionate BOB.'

"So much for her!" he exclaimed. "But what about this? 'My dear sir' (that's cutting, eh?)—'Murder will out, they say, and it has reached my ears from one whose affection I prize more than anything in the world' (shut up, you idiot! she's worth thousands) 'that you are posing as an objector to my participation in the Swiftbury Amateur Boxing Competition to-morrow night. Considering that you are the promoter of the show and that you persuaded me much against my will to compete, I can't quite see your motive for such a miserable distortion of the truth. Perhaps it would be better if in the future you bridled your tongue. Yours, &c.'"

Bob folded up the letters and beamed.

"Masterly, don't you think?"

"You're never going to be such a fool as to insult Pilsen like that!" exclaimed his friend in astonishment. "Why, the whole thing's a fairy tale!"

Bob bent forward and spoke meaningly.

"The original letter doesn't exist."

Reggie's surprise faded slowly into a smile of discernment.

"You sinner!" he said. "You're sending a copy and trusting her to keep the contents to herself?"

"That's it. She's such a stickler for propriety she would never violate a confidence. But if she does I don't care. The affair comes off to-morrow, so there'll be no time for her to do anything. Coming out? I'm off to post the letter while the idea's at a tempting temperature."

"It'll probably go up to blood heat before you've done," returned Reggie with a laugh.

II.

Mr. Theophilus Pilsen, a portly little gentleman with a bald head, neat side whiskers, and a round, shining face, was disturbed at his dinner by the entrance of his aged housekeeper, who brought in a lady's visiting card, edged with mournfulness, on a tray.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed, after inspecting it over the top of his gold pince-nez. "Show her in immediately."

He withdrew the serviette tucked tidily inside his collar and trotted his abbreviated legs across to meet his visitor.

"Miss Nelson, this is an unexpected pleasure. Do come in and sit down."

Miss Nelson's lips were drawn into a straight line, and her forbidding mien relaxed not a jot before his fussy welcome. She bore down on him like a warship cleared for action, and fixed him with a cold, relentless eye.

"No, thank you, Mr. Pilsen," she said stiffly, coming to a halt within a foot of his face. "I can only stay for a minute, but it will suffice for what I have to say to you. I merely desire to inform you, Mr. Pilsen, that the regard I've had for you during a long period of friendship has been entirely shattered by your lamentable conduct."

Mr. Pilsen allowed his serviette to drop from his nerveless fingers.

"Your scandalous falsehoods——"

"W—what!" he stuttered. "Madam, I will not be spoken to like this."

"Pah! Don't be pompous to me!"

His little red face grew redder still.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" he demanded.

"A—h!" The maiden lady's ejaculation was maddeningly suggestive. "One resorts to indignation when one's crimes are detected."

"Crimes, madam!" He curbed himself with a giant effort. "Is this a joke, or what? I assure you I can imagine no reason for this extraordinary behaviour."

"Don't make it any worse by prevarications," she warned.

"Confound it, woman!" he said, bristling.

Mr. Pilsen was an awe-inspiring figure in his wrath. The visitor sank flutteringly into a chair.

"All men are bullies," she said faintly.

"But what on earth——." Then a flash of inspiration came to him. "It's that insufferable nephew of yours!"

The aunt resumed aggressiveness—and her feet.

"It is, sir. I'm not ashamed to confess it. And I won't have him insulted by you. It's due to him that I've been able to discover the sort of man you are. I might have guessed it after all my experience."

"You might indeed," he agreed witheringly, and made a weary gesture. "If you would only explain."

"I'm not one to commit a breach of faith," she said, in a tone which implied the reverse opinion of himself.

"Then, Miss Nelson," he said, with deadly calm, "I think this painful interview might terminate."

"Yes." But she seemed loth to part without another thrust. "If you should think to wreak vengeance on my nephew in any way I shall know what to do," she said, with threatening reference to her account at the Bank.

"I wish you would go away," he said, patiently. This was too much for her.

"Not till you've read that, sir," she retorted, pushing a letter into his hand, and composing herself to witness his discomfiture.

"W—what! What's this! Bridle my tongue, the young reprobate!" He glared at her. "It's intolerable; perfectly intolerable! Miss Nelson, it's my regard for you that's shattered. I'm surprised that you should be a party to such a wretched attempt at humour as this."

"But do you mean his allegations are unfounded?" she questioned, bewildered.

"Bah! I've never received such a letter. And, of course, they're unfounded; a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end."

Miss Nelson's distress was pitiable to behold.

"I think I'll go home," she murmured.

But Mr. Pilsen melted.

"Calm yourself, do. Just to please me." He ventured to take her hand. "We mustn't allow this to disturb the warmth of our friendship, must we!" he added, gently.

"No, indeed, Mr. Pilsen," she assented tremulously.

Then anger took possession of her again.

"Wait till I see him," she said, clenching her umbrella.

Mr. Pilsen consulted his watch.

"Why not now, and confront him together?" he asked. He felt that unity was strength.

"Yes," she agreed, and her lips returned to the thin line. "Let us go."

III.

When they reached his apartments Bob was out, and the landlady informed them he had been gone to the club some time.

"Then we will go there," said his aunt, determinedly.

Thither they progressed, with aspect that boded ill for Bob when they saw him. The lighted entrance of the club held a few men, evidently waiting to hear the results. Mr. Pilsen and Miss Nelson conferred together on the opposite side of the street.

"You must go in and find him," she said. "I will wait here."

But Mr. Pilsen was reluctant to obey. He did not want to be seen in that society.

"Shall we leave it till to-morrow?" he suggested. "I will tackle him then."

"No." Miss Nelson's jaw snapped. "I shall not rest till I've seen him. He shall never hear the last of this."

Mr. Pilsen hesitated a moment more, but her cold stare decided him. He walked across hurriedly.

The man at the ticket-box was obdurate both to argument and persuasion.

"If you wants to go in you must pay. I can't leave here to find any o' your friends."

Mr. Pilsen slapped down a shilling angrily and went inside. The place was crowded with men seated or standing round a ring in the centre. Mr. Pilsen joined a throng of onlookers and looked about him. All eyes were intent upon the operations in the ring, where two youths were engaged in exercise more vigorous than scientific.

Mr. Pilsen nervously plucked the sleeve of a man next to him.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Nelson?"

The man shook him off rudely and craned forward for a better view.

Mr. Pilsen was becoming anxious as well as uncomfortable. No one seemed willing to answer a civil question. He was just making with renewed hope for a burly commissionaire when a hearty voice arrested him.

"Hullo, Pilsen! You here? I thought you objected to this sort of thing."

Mr. Pilsen ground his teeth. Mr. Johnson was one of his principal clients, and a man before whom he had always upheld his rigid principles. His stammering explanation was cut short by the other, who gripped his arm and pushed him through the crowd.

"Here you are! Sit by me!"

To Pilsen's horror he found himself propelled to a line of chairs within arm's length of the ring.

"But I must see Nelson," he protested.

"All right. Later on. The last round's just starting."

Johnson's joviality was unbearable, but there was no escape, and he could not afford to offend the man. He seated himself with despairing resignation. What would Miss Nelson be thinking?

The last round was fierce and not a little wild, and Mr. Pilsen liked it not at all. But it was over at last and he rose with relief.

"Here! you're not going!" exclaimed Johnson.

"I must," he returned. "I want a word with Nelson. It's urgent."

"But you can't," protested his companion. "His turn's next. He's won his way to the final. You must wait and see it."

"I can't," said Mr. Pilsen, desperately. In imagination he was the cynosure of all eyes, and he felt that his reputation had gone for ever.

"Well, they won't let you into his dressing-room now," observed Johnson, philosophically. "Why, here they are!"

He pulled Pilsen back into his seat.

"But I've a lady ——"

"S-s-h! This is the event of the evening."

Mr. Johnson whispered explanations as the boxers and their seconds entered the ring, but Mr. Pilsen hardly heard him. In his mind was a horrific picture of a lady waiting with growing rage and impatience.

Suddenly Bob's eye lit on him, first in astonishment, then with unconcealed amusement. He winked familiarly.

But at that moment the gong sounded. The seconds ducked beneath the ropes, and the contest began.

The contrast in style was marked. Bob's opponent, by name Humphreys, crouched low, waving his gloves slowly before his face and watching Bob rather ferociously. Bob was poised on springy feet, the left arm extended, the right across chest, in approved fashion. He moved round with lithe freedom.

Then Humphreys rushed. A rapid exchange of blows, and they clinched; then fell apart, breathing quickly. Humphreys went at him again, and Bob retreated coolly, scoring with both hands. It was evident that he had the science, though the other was a natural fighter.

The pace was too hot to last, but in a sharp rally Bob stopped two heavy blows which momentarily staggered him. Humphreys's supporters yelled encouragement. But their enjoyment was short-lived.

Bob steadied, avoided a fierce rush, then swung his right—hard.

"Go on, Bob!" sang out Mr. Pilsen, who scarcely recognised his own voice. He was beside himself with excitement. At every blow from Bob his heart exulted. The gong terminating the round came like a knell.

"Like it?" said Johnson.

"Great!" replied Pilsen. "Simply great!"

At the next meeting Humphreys sparred warily. He knew he was losing on points and that his only chance of success lay in a knock-out. So he waited for one desperate opportunity.

At last he saw it. Bob's fixed gaze had wandered for an instant. Like a cat Humphreys sprang.

But he had been caught by a trick. Bob stopped him with a straight left and hooked him neatly with his right. The timekeeper began to count . . . .

It was over.

Mr. Pilsen leaped up in an ecstasy of delight and rushed forward to meet Bob as he was clambering out of the ring. He insisted on shaking hands.

Then, when Bob had disappeared towards the dressing-room, with a promise to be out as quickly as possible, he recollected Miss Nelson with a throb of fear.

Bob seemed an interminable time, but at last he came, and Mr. Pilsen took his arms in a grip that was more apprehensive than affectionate.

"Your aunt's waiting," he whispered.

"My aunt!" Bob turned to look at him with an expression of tremendous innocence.

"Yes," continued Mr. Pilsen, nervously. "She knows all about it, and she's in an awful temper."

"Oh, help!" muttered Bob, and suddenly he laughed. "You're in the cart with me, you know," he said, slapping Pilsen on the shoulder to that worthy's pain and annoyance. "Come on."

A frigid lady saw them emerge arm-in-arm. Her lips drew still tighter. Into her mind leaped that everlasting truth—"Men were deceivers ever."

As they came up she favoured each in turn with a prolonged cold stare, wheeled like a soldier at drill, and left them without a word.

"Pilsen," said Bob, with a familiarity that his companion was too crushed to resent, "I think a bottle of beer would do us both good."

But it took several to restore Mr. Pilsen to his customary urbanity.

And the following day Miss Nelson instructed her solicitor to insert a codicil in her will.

OUT OF FOCUS.

The difference between a picture and a photograph lies largely in the element of thought that the artist has brought to bear on his subject. The camera shows every detail, important and unimportant, while the artist selects.

There are at the present time several photographers who are able to obtain large prices from magazines for photographs of the most commonplace subjects—a doorway, a back street, or a bit of a river bank—and they can command their price because they have brought art to bear upon their work.

They are careful to select something simple, but perhaps the chief secret of their success lies in the fact that their pictures are taken slightly out of focus.

This gives an "atmosphere" to a print that it would not otherwise possess. It takes off the hardness that is apparent in the average photograph, and those who are keen on photography should experiment in this direction.

At first the results will be far from gratifying, for the plate that was meant to be artistic may show nothing more interesting than an unintended cloud effect. Practice, however, will soon show you how far you can go in the way of working out of focus.

Another good idea is to take pictures with a very long exposure of dimly-lighted places, such as old interiors.

SPORTSMEN I HAVE COME ACROSS.

SOME MEMORIES.

I have met some of all kinds—the man who is a Sportsman, with a capital S, and the man who is best described as a "sport."

A distinction without a difference someone may say. That just shows his ignorance, for there is a gulf between the two which can never be bridged.

There was that grand old sportsman and country gentleman who rode as he lived, dead straight, with as true an eye and as firm a seat after he'd passed his sixtieth milestone as before, and to whom meanness was unknown.

Peace to his ashes—for he has gone where barbed wire can no more rouse his ire.

He was a man who feared nothing, and that breed is fast dying out—more's the pity.

Then there was the squire's agent, who aspired to be a sportsman, and fell short.

He hunted like a true jackal for his master all the rest of the year, and when the shooting began he took a turn with a gun.

He was a picture from his cap to his boots. His gun was the latest make, his bag of the most fashionable shape, but he was a sport, and not a sportsman. I believe a fair shot, but his aim in all else was too low!

There was the queer old dog who used to come and stop at an old farmhouse.

He was the "complete angler," a fine-looking old fellow, with most quaint ideas on sport in general and fishing in particular.

But a cleverer hand at making a fly and throwing a line never lived since the Father of Angling went to where even that gentle sport is not indulged in.

There was Banks, as fine an all-round sportsman as you would meet from Skiddaw to the Needles. Nothing came amiss to him, from stalking deer up North to climbing the Welsh mountains in a mist, from swimming in the wild waters off the West Irish Coast to licking a burly collier in a stand-up fight on a Staffordshire pit brow.

He died out on the African veldt, with a sky like molten brass overhead and the sand as hot as hell under him. The ostrich may know his place of rest, but no man does.

Then there was Power; he was the finest fencer that ever handled the foils, but he perished in a street brawl because he credited a hooligan with the punctilio which distinguished gentlemen in the old duelling days.

There was Wall, the most reckless dare-devil that ever bestrode the pigskin, who accepted a wager to punt across the widest part of the River Trent in an old tub that was not even watertight, and won it. He went down a coal mine "for an experience," and died like a sportsman when a seam of coal caved in, after saving several lives.

But I think I would give the palm to Father Mike, Irish parish priest and true sportsman, who could wield a shillelagh as well as say a Mass, and was a match for the blackest old ram in his flock.

It was fine to see him lay that stick of his about the backs of the wayward, and they loved him none the less, you take my word. As good a judge of a horse, was Father Mike, as any man in the Green Isle, and couldn't he see the points in a dog, too!

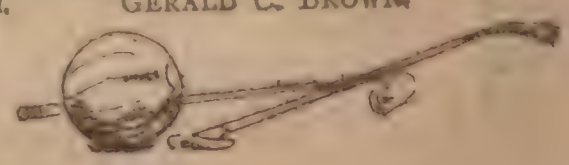
He was a man who made you feel better just for shaking his hand; he put more into his grip than another of his cloth puts in a series of sermons.

And he proved himself a hero when famine and fever ravaged the district, and in many a grateful heart his reverence is canonised, even if to the world at large he is an unhonoured, because an unknown, saint.

These are only a few out of the many sportsmen I have run across in my wanderings.

There are others, but these shadows of the past have detached themselves from their fellows, and they show up in the moonlight of memory more plainly—that is all.

GERALD C. BROWN.



"ON VELVET."

HOW SMART PUNTERS CAN SOMETIMES MAKE MONEY WITHOUT RISK.

The average man who reads these first few lines may perhaps exclaim: "Betting? Pah! A mug's game!"—and he will be right. Betting is a mug's game, but, for all that, there is money to be made out of it, if only you play it judiciously.

Let us suppose that you, dear reader, know nothing about betting. (If you do, I take off my hat to you, and crave the favour of merciful criticism.)

Well, if you set out to make money on horse-races you would, no doubt, do all manner of foolish things, back "double events," "trebles," "accumulators," all of which are snares for the uninitiated and are left severely alone by the "professor" of the art.

The commonest mistake made by the novice is to trust solely to the horse he is backing to win him money. The "head" or professional backer, knows a trick worth two of that; for he realises that, so precarious is the luck of the punter, it is possible to back both the "winners" in a dead-heat—and still lose money!

I will explain how this may happen.

Suppose, for instance, that you back one horse at 3 to 1 on, and another at 5 to 4 against, investing 20s. on each, and these two run a dead-heat.

Well, according to the rules of betting, you receive the odds to *half* your stake for dead-heats, so that you are accredited with 10s. on each of the "winners."

Thus over the first you net 3s. 4d., and over the second 12s. 6d., plus your stake, of course, in each instance. This means that you pay out £2 and receive back £1 15s. 10d.

This one case shows that even backing winners is not always a paying game, and the racing "head" is fain to put himself "on velvet" by what is called "playing the ring with its own money."

This is how he does it.

He prowls round the ring when the odds first come out, and notes down any that may be at good long prices, such as 20 to 1, or thereabouts, discarding, of course, rank impossibilities at 60 or more to 1 against.

He will have perhaps 10s. on a 20 to 1 against chance, and wait until it rises in the betting, as it no doubt will, to 10's or 8's.

Thus for his 10s. he stands to win £10 over a horse which is now quoted to win only £4 for the same stake. Then all he has to do is to offer his ticket to another "bookie" at a reduction. He will offer to sell it for £1, thus gaining 10s. over the transaction. Many bookies will be found to buy it, for if they hold a horse in sufficient respect only to lay 8's about him, they will be only too glad to "corner" all the 20 to 1 bets they can get.

Thus the man who sneers at horse-racing can see that there *is* money to be made at the game—but it isn't made by speculating on the horses themselves. It is by a judicious application of the Stock Exchange system of playing for the rise that many a "professional backer" at the present day has amassed a very satisfactory competency—in some cases immense fortunes—on a capital which was, perhaps, only got together by selling papers in the streets.

But you need a clear head and much experience before you can play the game successfully.

The attitude of the professional racing man to the uninitiated might be less aptly described than by the following story of a little scene I myself witnessed at Kempton.

A youth who had luckily backed a 20 to 1 chance for a sovereign gleefully went to the "bookie," who paid out with the words, "Well done, sir! We like paying out to clever customers like you!"

The youth moved off, delighted; but he wouldn't have been so pleased if he had heard the bookie's muttered remark to his clerk: "The silly —— doesn't know he's the only —— mug on the course!"

I. B. HORNIMAN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

MYSTERIOUS VISITORS. I have dealt at some length on the first page this week with the sensational case to which we alluded some time ago.

On the first page I have written in my official capacity as Editor of this paper, but here, in the space which I allot to my weekly chat, I propose to tell you of a few personal experiences in connection with the case, which are not of sufficient importance to warrant a place in my official announcement, but which may possibly interest you.

Ever since the publication of that article in No. 58, I have had strange communications over the telephone, strange letters, and strange visitors.

I do not propose to deal with the telephonic messages, for they have chiefly consisted of inquiries as to the identity of the person referred to in the article.

As to the letters, many have been confidential, and, therefore, I shall not speak of them; others have been anonymous, and they are being dealt with in a proper way in another quarter. I propose to tell you, however, something about the visitors I have received in connection with this article.

INSTINCTIVE DISLIKE. Seeing so many different people each day as I do, I suppose one develops a kind of faculty in the way of sizing a man up, or possibly it may be an instinct. I have never been conscious of deliberately sizing up my visitors, but the other day my secretary pointed out to me that sometimes I shook hands with people who came to the office and sometimes I did not, and, on thinking the matter over, I came to the conclusion that this was unquestionably true, and that, while there were some visitors to whom I offered my friendship at once, there were others with whom I exercised the utmost caution.

In the latter category must be classified most of those who have come to see me in connection with that article.

WHAT THEY WANTED TO KNOW. They have come upon all sorts of pretexts. Some suggested that they were about to start some new form of organisation or club, and they asked for my support. I am always ready to support anything good, but before I do so I must feel confidence in the man who introduces the subject to me, for in recommending a thing to my readers I have a heavy responsibility. The various things that these visitors of the last few weeks have suggested to me did not win my approval, because they did not strike me as genuine.

I am afraid that the reception given to these people has not been very cordial, and my chief concern has been to terminate the interview as soon as possible. In each of the cases to which I allude, the same old question has cropped up just as the visitor was leaving.

"Would I mind telling him, quite in confidence, the name of the person alluded to in the article?"

Very naturally I refused. Had I named the culprit, I should have been inviting an action for libel, in spite of the truth of the statements contained in the article; and, if I wanted to have an action for libel, I should have libelled the man frankly and openly in the paper, and not by word of mouth.

There has been a good deal of mystery about these visitors, and unquestionably there has been collusion between them, for more than once one of them has let slip the fact that he knows what I told, or rather refused to tell, some previous visitor.

I have disliked these people intensely, for they are not of the usual type that come to my office. Generally I am favoured with visits from hale and hearty readers, from other business men, and from contributors, and such visits are very pleasant, but about these strange people who have called upon me during the last week or two there has been something unwholesome.

You may rest assured, however, that in every case I dealt with them diplomatically, and that they secured no information from me.

WHO ARE THEY? Who are these people who have come to see me in the attempt to secure information?

An old friend of mine, who has lived in London all his life, assures me that they have been sent by Scotland Yard.

I think this is unlikely, because detectives, so far as I have ever come across them, are ex-policemen and are large in physique, while these strange visitors have been by no means notable for that, although in many cases they have alleged military experience that could not bear the test of a penetrating question or two.

I am disinclined to think that these people have been sent by Scotland Yard, for the further reason that the detectives of Scotland Yard have called on me openly.

I am more inclined to believe that these searchers for information were blackmailers, anxious to find out the name of the man I was exposing and ready to make what money they could out of him.

SHADOWING. It may sound incredible, but it is a fact that during the last week or two, whenever I have spoken to a friend in the street or in a restaurant, someone has managed to get close beside us so as to overhear the conversation.

It was some time before my attention was drawn to this fact, but since it was pointed out to me I have noticed it happen continually.

I generally patronise a very quiet hotel for lunch, and usually I take this meal with one friend or another in order that we may discuss business, but, in spite of there being plenty of empty tables in the room, I have noticed that someone always comes and occupies a seat beside or opposite us.

I do not know who these people are, but I do know that if they hoped to hear me say something more about the case than I have printed, they have been disappointed, for I have never discussed it with anyone, except my most intimate friends, and then only in private.

THREATS. In one particularly revolting letter which I have received, the writer warns me that if I deal further with this matter some of his friends will come and, to use his own words, "well-nigh finish" me.

A threat of this kind is not, of course, a matter which one takes very seriously, but it indicates to some extent the commotion the article has made amongst the vicious.

As I have said, I have been criticised in many quarters for having given publicity to the subject instead of acting as an individual and handing my information over to the police without printing anything about it. This course, although it would have avoided dealing in the paper with an objectionable subject, would not have accomplished the purpose.

As an individual, what I say has the weight only of an individual's statement; as an Editor, however, I have my thousands of readers behind me, and it is because of this, and because of the searchlight of publicity that we have thrown upon the matter, that we have been able to secure the removal of the person chiefly concerned, and also to obtain the assurance of the police that they are taking the most drastic steps to stamp out this vice.

Now that we have accomplished our purpose, I think that it will be best to drop this objectionable subject altogether, unless we find that we can do an equal public service by similar publicity in the future.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

HINTS ON WORKIN LEATHER.

A USEFUL AND ARTISTIC

It is remarkable what a number o ornamental articles one can make out

To endure there is nothing like properly constructed there is no reasc made articles should be inferior to at fancy prices, and they give far mo

Tools, of course, are a necessary i a hollow-ground knife, a plain kn punch, a screw, a crease and a mark hard wood, some wire nails, an e cutting-board, and a measuring sti not be forgotten.

The prices of leather depend, of the kind used, and the purpose it is to

The market has also to be taken ation, prices rising and falling.

It is better for the amateur to buy for working on, and not to attem them himself, for it is a tedious proce to end in failure.

The amateur has a wide choice in of leather. Cowhide is usually use all descriptions, but for fancy arti fancy leathers, such as Russia, Moro skins of crocodiles and snakes.

As regards the most easily made novice to commence with, a dog-le for skates may be suggested.

To make a lead, cut out a simple say about 40 inches long and abou wide, using your cutting-board and ground knife.

The crease must be made hot ar and down the leather. Then mak sew one end of the strap to mak Punch a few holes and rivet on a bu

A skate-strap is even easier to don't want best leather for these ends" of leather will come in for ther the inferior portions of skips and hi

Ornamental articles that can be m are legion—for instance, photo fra plain or ornamental leather, bloott fancy boxes, or tobacco pouches a cases.

The ambitious amateur can cons ling-bag, or a hat-box.

A useful thing for the doggy n muzzle. These things come in ha dog gets hurt and will persist in bit wound.

And the best way to make one t one—most saddlers keep leather or s take it to pieces, and remake one course, you must use your own regards the size. Try it on your alter it accordingly.

In making fancy articles, you will to use embossed or ornamental leat you will require special tools.

These can be bought quite che and a tool called a liner, which has in thickness, wood modellers, a ligh a punch.

You will need a good firm table failing this a board, and you mus stock of some sort of filling—bra the raised parts.

The leather should be thin amateurs use kid, or what is known

If you have any artistic skill you own designs, if not you can buy the

Put your leather on the board, d put your pattern over and trac heavily and equally all over.

If your design has raised leaves these must be raised up from under modellers, the indentations being bran. Gum a sheet of paper ov prevent the bran falling out. T over, shape the raised part, and leather dry.

More elaborate work can be novice grows expert.

R. L.

HINTS ON WORKING IN LEATHER.

A USEFUL AND ARTISTIC HOBBY.

It is remarkable what a number of useful and ornamental articles one can make out of leather.

To endure there is nothing like leather, and properly constructed there is no reason why home-made articles should be inferior to those bought at fancy prices, and they give far more pleasure.

Tools, of course, are a necessary preliminary—a hollow-ground knife, a plain knife, pliers, a punch, a screw, a crease and a marking-board of hard wood, some wire nails, an emery stick, a cutting-board, and a measuring stick must also not be forgotten.

The prices of leather depend, of course, upon the kind used, and the purpose it is to be utilised for.

The market has also to be taken into consideration, prices rising and falling.

It is better for the amateur to buy hides ready for working on, and not to attempt to prepare them himself, for it is a tedious process, and likely to end in failure.

The amateur has a wide choice in his selection of leather. Cowhide is usually used for bags of all descriptions, but for fancy articles there are fancy leathers, such as Russia, Morocco, and the skins of crocodiles and snakes.

As regards the most easily made article for the novice to commence with, a dog-lead or a strap for skates may be suggested.

To make a lead, cut out a simple leather strap, say about 40 inches long and about half an inch wide, using your cutting-board and your hollow-ground knife.

The crease must be made hot and rubbed up and down the leather. Then make a loop and sew one end of the strap to make the handle. Punch a few holes and rivet on a buckle.

A skate-strap is even easier to make. You don't want best leather for these—"odds and ends" of leather will come in for them, as I believe the inferior portions of skips and hides are called.

Ornamental articles that can be made in leather are legion—for instance, photo frames in either plain or ornamental leather, blotters, and small fancy boxes, or tobacco pouches and even cigar cases.

The ambitious amateur can construct a travelling-bag, or a hat-box.

A useful thing for the doggy man is a dog-muzzle. These things come in handy when the dog gets hurt and will persist in biting the sore or wound.

And the best way to make one to fit is to buy one—most saddlers keep leather or strap muzzles—take it to pieces, and remake one yourself. Of course, you must use your own judgment as regards the size. Try it on your own dog and alter it accordingly.

In making fancy articles, you will possibly wish to use embossed or ornamental leather. For this you will require special tools.

These can be bought quite cheaply—a tracer, and a tool called a liner, which has wheels varying in thickness, wood modellers, a light hammer, and a punch.

You will need a good firm table to work on, or failing this a board, and you must also lay in a stock of some sort of filling—bran will do—for the raised parts.

The leather should be thin calf, but some amateurs use kid, or what is known as basil.

If you have any artistic skill you will make your own designs, if not you can buy them.

Put your leather on the board, damp it all over, put your pattern over and trace it, pressing heavily and equally all over.

If your design has raised leaves or ornaments, these must be raised up from underneath with the modellers, the indentations being filled with the bran. Gum a sheet of paper over the back to prevent the bran falling out. Turn the leather over, shape the raised part, and then let the leather dry.

More elaborate work can be done when the novice grows expert.

R. L. SAINSBURY.

REVENGE!

There had been trouble between Smith and Jenkins. It doesn't concern this particular story what the trouble had been about—so just take our word for it that there had been trouble.

Smith was the one who felt he had scored least, and as he was returning home very late one evening—from a political meeting, of course—a bright idea struck him.

Boldly he advanced to the front door of the Jenkins' establishment and knocked and kicked and rang. The family had retired to rest, and, as Smith expected, a bedroom window opened, and Jenkins thrust out his head.

"What the——What's all this row about?" he asked, fairly nicely.

"One of your windows is open," said Smith. "I thought you'd better know, even though we did have a difference of opinion the other night."

"Which one?" asked Jenkins.

"I think it's the one you've got your head through," said Smith, as he trotted off in time to avoid the things Jenkins was collecting to throw at him.

GENEROSITY.

"The maid," she said, "has swallowed a sixpence."

She told him with that air of studied reserve which is usually adopted by the owner of sensational information.

He turned a page of his paper and read on.

"What is to be done about it?" she asked.

Then at last he roused himself.

"My pet," he said, "I admire your thoughtfulness and economy, but in a case like this we can't be mean. You will remember that we didn't give the girl a Christmas box. As for this sixpence, let her keep it, my dear, let her keep it."

HER HUSBAND'S VOICE.

"My dear," he said ingratiatingly, when he got home, "of course you recognised my voice when I 'phoned you from the office, to say that I'd be very late?"

"It wasn't the voice I recognised," she replied, "but the excuse."

CANDID COMMENT.

"Do you like these boots?" asked the dressy man, gazing down admiringly at his pedal extremities.

"They look a bit big," said the candid friend, "but possibly it's your feet and not the boots that are to blame."

"I like them to be easy," said the man in the boots, ignoring the reflection on his physical equipment.

"I thought," said the candid friend, "that possibly you had given the boot man the number of the house instead of the number of your footwear."

And now the dressy man goes elsewhere if he wants admiration.

GOING THE PACE.

A BIT OF PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

Against the folly of hurry wise men have lifted up their voices from time immemorial.

For instance, there was Solomon, with his dictum that "the race is not to the swift," and the author (unknown to me) of that staid observation "slow but sure."

Now, if anyone ought to know anything about the matter, it was that talkative old gentleman Solomon, for he was surely well acquainted with the swift.

Not that he had the means to indulge in actual speed, for, in spite of all his riches, a fifty-horse-power Panhard was to him out of the question, but he "went the pace" in other directions.

Another word for swift, I may remind you, is fast—a word in pronounced disrepute to-day. So it would seem that if you have an ambition to "get there first" the very last thing you should do is to make haste. In fact, it is obvious that the safe way to do it is to be slow and sure.

But who in the name of faith, with youth in his heart, wants to be either slow or sure?

To be slow is deadly dull, and to be sure is to be in a condition of unromantic safety. The whole secret of the appeal of life is its uncertainty, its elusiveness, its unexpectedness.

If the race went to the swift, what encouragement would there be to those out-distanced at the start to keep going? It is this ineradicable element of uncertainty as to what will happen in the next stride that nerves a man to keep plugging away, his eye on the foremost runner, eager to see him fall.

Oh, yes, it's true. We are all savages in our selfishness in the race of life. There is a subtle satisfaction in the disaster of a friend when it benefits ourselves, deny it who will.

All this is necessary to the proper appreciation of the meaning of going the pace. There is a wide difference between going the pace and making the pace, and the difference is exactly that between a wise man and a fool.

Going the pace is the half-way line between the swiftness that doesn't win and the slow-and-sureness which doesn't deserve to.

The man who makes the pace has no stamina left when the final effort is required. He is the profligate, the braggart, the individual who would cut a dash to excite the plaudits of the gaping onlookers. He doesn't know that it is the custom of crowds to cheer the fools. He is the fast young man who has such a devil of a good time at the wrong time and shuts up like a knife as soon as the real tussle is about to begin.

And behind him is the little ruck of those who have exercised both judgment and patience, nursing their strength, going the pace that will find them well in the running for victory when the bell for the last lap sounds.

These are the men who understand the genuine business of the game. They are neither the fast nor the slow, but the disciplined. They are the men of the right moment. They run with brains as well as feet, with the coolness that restrains. They have the calibre, the quality, and the strenuousness of the last struggle is more to them than the prize.

A. SEACOMBE.

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A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

THE WAY TO KEEP FIT.

It is a very old saying, but nevertheless a true one, that one man's meat is another man's poison. It is useless to lay down hard-and-fast rules for the guidance of others, for that which suits one man may not agree with another. Every man has to find out the mode of living to which he is adapted by actual experience, and if he fails to profit by that knowledge he can only blame himself.

A trainer always gives individual attention to each man under his charge, because he is fully aware that every man differs in some respect from another.

Every man knows that there are certain habits which he must avoid if he wishes to keep fit, therefore it is practically useless for me to enumerate them. There is no need to waste time in trying to impress upon a man what he knows by instinct.

To live naturally is the best way to keep fit, if we wish to attain the ideal.

Every athlete knows quite well that excessive drinking and smoking would dash his chances of success to the ground, just as the ordinary man knows that if he drank poison it would endanger his life.

Excessive exercise, however, is almost as dangerous as excess in other forms of indulgence.

There are certain limits beyond which the human body cannot go, and to demand too much of it is to endanger its health.

What those limits are a man can only know by instinct, for they differ with each individual.

There are no golden rules for health apart from those which Nature teaches us, and which we learn by our own personal experience.

A SIMPLE LEG DEVELOPER.

This exercise is in reality that which is often known as the "goose-step," which is, or used to be, adopted in the Army by way of teaching recruits to march.

As a matter of fact, the present marching step in our own Army is very different from this, and the feet are swung rather than picked up and put down again. The German parade march, however, which is used at reviews and such occasions, is very similar.

The parade step.

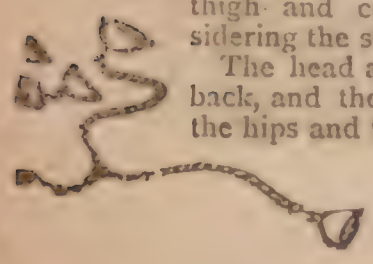
Stand erect, and place the hands on the hips.

Raise one leg slowly from the hips as shown in the sketch until the thigh is parallel with the ground, the toe pointing downwards all the time.

Then raise the lower part of the leg till it is almost in a straight line with the thigh. Return the foot slowly to the ground a little in advance of its original position, and continue the process with alternate legs until you have walked once round your room, something after the fashion of a high-stepping horse.

The exercise is to be recommended to runners, walkers, and other athletes to whom a good leg-development is essential, and its effect on the thigh and calf muscles is remarkable considering the simplicity of the movements.

The head and shoulders must be kept well back, and the only movements must be from the hips and the joints of the legs.



FRESH AIR AS A TONIC.

There is nothing like a dose of Nature's tonic when you are feeling run down. If it is possible a blow in the fresh air will often do you a world of good, even though it be in the most prosaic surroundings and in the heart of the city.

Personally, if I am feeling run down and slack, or have a slight headache, I usually set out for a brisk walk for a quarter of an hour or so—or longer if I can spare the time.

Or I go for a spin on the top of a tramcar or a 'bus, or in an open cab.

The exhilaration of a run in an open taxi-cab or on the top of a motor-'bus often does not occur to you when you are simply hurrying from one place to another, but when you are simply out for an airing, and merely intend to go "there and back," it is a very different matter, and every breath of air helps to make you feel fit again and good for anything.

It is much better than sitting at home and thinking how ill you feel.

FOR SUPPLING THE LEGS.

The first part of this exercise includes one of the simplest but at the same time the best of physical culture exercises.

Start at attention with the heels together and place the hands on the hips.

Then sink down upon the heels as shown in the sketch, letting the heels come off the ground, and keeping the body absolutely perpendicular throughout.

A variant of a well-known exercise.

Now, instead of rising at once as in a former exercise I have given on this page, extend the right leg smartly to the right front until it is quite straight with the heel on the ground.

You will probably lose your balance in the course of this operation until you have practised it several times, but it is perfectly possible and can be achieved if you make up your mind to it.

Then return the right leg and repeat the movement with the left leg to the left front.

Continue these movements alternately three or four times at first, and more often as you become able to do so with less exertion.

Remember to keep the shoulders back and the small of the back in throughout the exercise, for it is impossible to maintain the balance or to derive any benefit from it without keeping the back hollow and the head erect.

A GOOD LUNG TEST.

A simple but excellent way of testing the power of your lungs, without having recourse to the microbe-infested penny-in-the-slot machines which request you to try your lungs on them, is the following:

Get a good-sized strong paper bag, and place it on a table so that the open end projects over the edge.

On the top of the bag lay a piece of cardboard, and on that the weight of a weighing machine—say one pound, for a start. Or if you have no weights available, a book will answer the purpose if stood up on end.

Then grasp the end of the bag with thumb and first finger and blow out the bag, until the weight is lifted some inches from the table.

The weights can be gradually increased until you have found the maximum lifting power of your lungs, which will at the same time profit from the exercise.

Another method of testing the lung-power is by means of a long U-shaped glass tube half filled with water. You blow down one end and check the power of your lungs by the height to which the water rises in the other arm.

A NECK EXERCISE.

Stand at attention, with the hands by the sides and heels together, and throw the head back as far as it will go.

Then bring it slowly forward until the chin is on the chest, and without pausing return it to the starting position.

Every muscle of the neck comes into play.

Continue to bend the neck slowly backwards and forwards about half a dozen times, and then return to the normal position.

Now bend the neck slowly from side to side, forcing the head down in either direction until it is almost touching the shoulder.

Having done this also some five or six times, pass on to the third stage of the exercise, and turn the head completely round, without bending the neck, until you are looking over your right shoulder. Then turn the head slowly round until the chin is over the left shoulder.

In this way all the various muscles of the neck will be exercised, and a good neck development is worth cultivating, since many people judge a man's whole physique by it.

A TIP FOR THE BRAIN-WORKER.

The man who works in a city and has only a brief time for lunch each day, is often in the habit of reading his daily paper or a book while he eats his lunch.

If you are accustomed to do so and wish to preserve your digestion, take my advice and don't do it.

You cannot give your attention properly to two things at once, and just as it would do you more harm than good to do physical exercises while reading or talking to a friend, so your digestive organs are not getting a fair chance, if your mind is concentrated upon what you are reading.

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We give particulars of a few new Clients' accounts:

E. B.

Cheques.		£	s.	d.
3118	.. ..	12	0	0
2952	.. ..	40	10	0
6899	.. ..	50	0	0
10971	.. ..	16	10	0
13997	.. ..	7	0	0
14018	.. ..	61	0	0
		£187	0	0

W. R. P.

Cheques.		£	s.	d.
4766	.. ..	8	0	0
6124	.. ..	6	18	4
6687	.. ..	81	15	5
		£96	13	9

N. R.

Cheques.		£.	s.	d.
1326	.. ..	6	18	8
2587	.. ..	24	0	0
3642	.. ..	19	16	6
7108	.. ..	29	17	6
		£80	12	8

H. F.

Cheques.		£	s.	d.
2119	.. ..	8	0	0
2280	.. ..	6	0	0
2420	.. ..	7	0	0
4253	.. ..	6	0	0
4970	.. ..	8	0	0
2844	.. ..	16	0	0
6240	.. ..	23	0	0
31470	.. ..	19	7	6
31473	.. ..	65	0	0
		£158	7	6

E. D.

Cheques.		£	s.	d.
1372	.. ..	8	16	6
3636	.. ..	29	10	9
6103	.. ..	30	0	0
6165	.. ..	19	19	0
6255	.. ..	10	10	0
6891	.. ..	52	0	0
7239	.. ..	15	13	1
13870	.. ..	21	0	0
14376	.. ..	15	5	5
		£202	14	9

W. T. P.

Cheques.		£	s.	d.
4635	.. ..	12	0	0
5049	.. ..	21	5	4
5824	.. ..	11	15	0
6940	.. ..	21	17	6
7561	.. ..	10	0	0
7578	.. ..	11	12	6
14280	.. ..	75	0	0
7119	.. ..	60	2	6
		£223	12	10

W. J. W.

Cheques.		£	s.	d.
1381	.. ..	19	0	0
5506	.. ..	18	0	0
7710	.. ..	39	9	6
9029	.. ..	50	0	0
9748	.. ..	75	10	0
11704	.. ..	65	7	6
12499	.. ..	7	10	0
12903	.. ..	100	0	0
13185	.. ..	122	15	11
		£497	12	11

The National Share Exchange has always been satisfied to point out what it has done for clients. It is not flattering to the intelligence of the public to say what you may do for them. We leave that to our imitators. We point to concrete facts—the results achieved. Above you see a few examples.

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(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)
ADDRESS IN FULL.....
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(Please write distinctly.)
DATE.....

The Art of Walking Rapidly

SOME ENLIGHTENING POINTS FROM ONE WHO KNOWS.

It is an undisputed fact in sporting circles that there is no form of athletics or game of skill at which the amateur can approach the professional from the point of view of ability, and not the least typical of all in this connection is walking.

The reason, of course, of the professional's superiority is that he devotes his whole time to the sport of his choice, and as it is to be his means of earning a livelihood he is spurred on by the most cogent motives to perfect himself in every branch of it.

And walking is, like boxing, a form of athletics at which a professional stands or falls by himself. He must not allow himself to be beaten. He is not like the professional footballer, who is engaged for a team solely on his actual merits as a player.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

A walking man is just as good a walker after being beaten in a big match as he was before, but he cannot command as much money. The popular interest has gone over to his victorious opponent.

This is the reason why, as in boxing, it is of such vital importance for the professional to make himself absolutely perfect; and it is also the reason why he is so far in advance of his amateur *confrère*.

It is a strange fact that there is no sport about which the amateur actually knows so little as walking, and I do not think I am wrong in saying that this is the first article of its kind in which the true secret of fast walking has been laid open to the public.

Though it is closely guarded by "professors" of the art, its principle is simplicity itself.

When an amateur starts to do a fast walking spin, you'll see him start off at what I might call a "spreading" stride. That is, his right foot will point towards the right, and his left foot to the left, and his legs move with a kind of loping swing.

His footprints will consequently be in two lines pointing outwards. Footprints like that would fill a professional with horror, for the chief secret of fast walking can almost be summed up in three words, "*Toe the line!*"

THE SECRET.

A professional pedestrian's footprints appear in a straight line, one in front of the other.

From the first crack of the pistol to the end of the race his footprints run in a dead straight line. In fact he sees a line stretching before him in his mind's eye, and treads along it. Thus he does not waste any ground or time on "spreading," and saves every sixteenth part of an inch in every stride.

Another great point which is not known to, or else is overlooked by, amateurs is the absolute necessity of slackening every muscle in the body when walking fast. To keep up a fast pace over a distance of ground the nerves must on no account be shaken, and rigidity in any muscle leads, as you will readily understand, to vibration and jar.

It is a common saying in professional walking circles that an amateur is as good as a "pro." *up to half a mile*—and it is a perfectly true saying.

For instance, watch the average man starting off on a track of four laps to the mile. The first two he will probably do in quite good time—but afterwards a sad change will take place in his action: and you will see that he'll take quite as long over the third lap as over the first two—perhaps even longer.

The reason of this is that his Achilles tendon—situated at the back of the foot below the ankle—has given way. And it has given way because he walks from the knees.

A professional's Achilles tendon is just as strong at the finish of a race as at the start, for the reason that he walks with a swinging action—but, mark you, a straight swing, like the pendulum of a clock—from his thighs. Professional walkers develop immensely powerful thigh muscles, and thanks to these can "spin along for ever," to use a phrase common to the craft.

Finally, for the benefit of all whom it may interest, here is an explanation of a method by which many professional pedestrians who have had their day, and possess none too many conscientious scruples, manage to pick up some money from time to time.

They go into taverns, frequented, as a rule, by fairly athletic men, and when there are a good many people present they start a conversation on the subject of walking. They point out that the record for a mile is somewhere about 6 minutes 23 seconds, and they casually offer to bet any man in the bar five shillings that he cannot do it in 9 minutes.

Some brawny athlete—possibly the local boxing champion, or something of the kind—starts up and takes the bet. Surely, he thinks, he can do a mile in 50 per cent. longer than the record time.

NOT SO EASY AS IS SOUNDS.

So, timed by his supporters, he starts off; and does the first quarter in, perhaps, two minutes, whereat he feels mightily confident; but, alas, the half mile takes him five or six minutes; and when he pulls up at the finish he bears with a rueful countenance that he has taken just over eleven minutes.

But, mind you, he has not done at all badly; for a prominent professional once whispered to me that the express-speed, record-breaking walks are in reality not walks by any means. They satisfy the letter of the "heel-and-toe" regulation; but that is all.

Otherwise they possess a quite remarkable likeness to a good round trot!

R. C. COGHLAN.

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A PLEA FOR THE "DUFFER."

A NATURAL SPORTSMAN WE ARE APT TO LOOK DOWN ON.

The majority of us lucky mortals who have a pet sport on which we are especially keen and at which we have possibly attained more than an average proficiency, are sometimes apt, perhaps even unconsciously, to regard with a mild form of contempt the unfortunate individual who is no good at anything at all.

"Oh, that chap?" you will hear a man say, "He's a duffer," and with this careless remark its insignificant subject will be dropped.

But is this scantily courteous treatment of the duffer quite fair? Strange as it may seem, there is many and many a duffer, sitting gloomily alone in cheerless diggings, for the sole reason that he has not one congenial "pal" to sit with him and share his "baccy"-pot, who is at heart, perhaps, a truer sportsman than a good many of us, but who for some reason or other is debarred from actively demonstrating how sportsmanlike he really is.

It is the Englishman's proud boast—but no less true for that—that we are all sportsmen at heart, whatever our means and whatever our vocation may be; and this is shown even by our expressions used in everyday conversation. A man, if he isn't feeling very fit, will tell you that he's "groggy," but he will probably be unaware that he is using one of the most common expressions of the old palmy days of the Prize Ring.

An unbiassed critic, passing judgment on the average healthy Briton's attitude towards the "duffer" would come to the conclusion that the active sportsman believed the duffer to abstain from sport because he had no taste for, or was even averse from it. But in justice to the duffer, it should be made clear that this is not the case.

The other day the present writer was standing in Vincent Square, watching the Westminster boys enthusiastically engaged in strenuous football; and there, too, he saw, with little blue noses flattened against the bars of the well-known enclosure, sundry little Britons who were equally enthusiastic, and were loudly bewailing the fact that they could not have a game too.

Those little boys were true sportsmen in the right sense of the word, and yet in all probability they will be forced to go out into the world at an early age and be debarred from regular participation in the game of their choice.

They will be called "duffers." Is that fair?

In the great majority of cases the "duffer" isn't a duffer by predilection, but by necessity. He may be earning an income which would in the ordinary way permit of his taking up an outdoor game; but then he may, possibly, be the sole support of a widowed mother. In this case he will give up all hopes of his favourite sport, and his well-assumed air of perfect content, lest his mother should feel unhappy at depriving him of it, will be undeniable proof of the sporting spirit that is in him

Again, many a man to whom the snap of a keen breeze over a football field on a misty November afternoon spells bliss, sadly silences the call that the game makes at times within him, because—alas!—he knows that his heart is not to be trusted too far.

And another very common reason for a man with truly sporting instincts refraining from taking up a game which interests him greatly is that he is nervous. He is afraid that others, older hands than himself, will smile behind his back—or even, perhaps, openly, for such bounders, unfortunately, are to be found—at the ineptitude of his early efforts.

But there is one duffer who is really deserving of all the contempt that can possibly be poured out upon him. He is the man who is jealous, the man who envies the greater ability of other men at athletics and sports. He is not only a duffer but a cad.

But the ordinary duffer—the man who can't do anything—is entirely different. He should be encouraged, and helped; and as surely as some of the shabbiest colts make the best horses, so will many a duffer, with judicious assistance from a good sportsman, become a giant in the field.

J. S. COX.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

POLITICS AND TRADE.

Before deciding to make this the subject of my weekly chat, I asked and received the permission of the Editor, and he granted it on condition that I should not expound the political views of any one party.

"We don't mind having a sly dig at politicians on either side of the House," he said, "but we do it without favour to either party, and it would be unwise for us to become partisan."

I have no desire to advocate the creed of any particular party. All I want to do is to indicate to all men engaged in business the need for taking, at the present time, an active interest in politics.

Under ordinary circumstances, politics must be left for the man of leisure, but when we are presented with the crisis of a General Election, it is necessary for every business man to do what he can to further his convictions.

The effect that politics have on a man's business is incalculable, and the waves of depression that come to various trades are due far more to economic conditions than to the mere chance which generally has to bear the blame for them.

One point I should like to emphasise is that the business man must look some distance ahead in the matter of politics as in everything else.

I may give an example that was recently brought to my notice. A friend and I were discussing the political situation, and he informed me that, if a certain alteration in our laws were brought to pass, his business would be for six months at a standstill.

"But all the same," he said, "I hope we shall have this change, for though it will paralyse my trade for some time, it will bring more money into the country, and, as I deal in a luxury, my sales will be greatly improved within the next year."

Whether the change to which he referred will or will not be accepted by the people, does not affect the issue I am discussing. I simply want to drive home the sanity of this business man, for he calculated and looked ahead, instead of thinking only of the present.

The same principle applies to many other lines of business as well as to his. Any tax is to the man who has to pay it, a burden, but if he is wise, he will pay it willingly if he can see that it is going to do good to the country, and thereby increase the number of possible customers for his commodity.

Throughout the whole of politics and of business, there is this need for looking into the future.

I have been astonished at the number of men in a small way of business who have declared to me that they are taking no interest at all in the General Election. They say that the commodity they deal in is not likely to be more highly taxed whichever party comes into power, and there their anxiety ends.

They are very foolish in taking this view, for the small tradesman has his finger on the pulse of public prosperity, and if a wave of poverty comes over the nation, he feels its effects more quickly even than does a man in a large way of business.

Opinions must necessarily vary; sometimes one party will be in power and sometimes another—history has proved the utility of our party system of Government. Which party I myself support does not matter, but I should like to think that every business man is taking an active interest in the present campaign and is doing his best for his own side, whichever it may be.

Politics have unquestionably a stimulating effect on the mind, indulged in as we indulge in them, but a man who becomes an amateur politician and discusses these matters in season and out of it, is using up leisure that might be employed more profitably.

To the Englishman politics form a periodic hobby to be taken up only when a General Election is in the air; but let him be persuaded to take them up then as enthusiastically as he would another hobby, for to do this is his duty both to his country and to himself.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE GULLIBILITY OF THE PUBLIC.

I shall never cease to wonder at the gullibility of the public and the simplicity with which they wander in the flat-traps of every description.

I could almost blame the public instead of the rogues whose prey they are—on the principle of "serve you right"—for the temptation offered.

And sometimes I ask myself if the Cynic is not created out of Truth.

Still, I always recall the fact in the end that the public—individually—has no means of distinguishing between honest business houses and the swindling firms; the public is approached individually, and swindled individually; and individually the public lacks the courage, the inclination, the means or the proof to bring the swindlers to book.

Individuals can do a public service, however, by informing some journal of the facts of any experience which has caused them to doubt the *bonâ fides* of any firm.

Combination is a very powerful weapon. The rogue knows this. He uses it against you. Turn it against him. Write to me concerning any firm you have dealt with. But stick to facts—give chapter and verse.

THE EQUITABLE EXCHANGE.

Any reader who has had dealings with the Equitable Exchange, outside brokers, of Empire House, Wormwood Street, London, E.C., is requested to write, stating his experience.

JOHN P. SINCLAIR & CO.—M.N. (Battersea)—These people, who invite a deal in Union Pacifics in a circular, the paper and get-up of which is of the cheapest description, say: "£2 3s. 4d. can return you £80." H'm. It *can*, but won't. "You cannot be humbugged into paying further cover." They admit—inferentially—that you can be humbugged into paying once.

J. F. (Leigh).—Home Rails ought to go better after the holidays. Christmas traffic generally helps.

GERSON, HAMSON, & CO.—Several Correspondents.—Under no circumstances can I recommend any dealings with these people. Those who have made profits on paper out of "Trusts" should not accept any offer of £1 on account. That makes it a civil debt. They'll pay if you are troublesome. The principal is said to be on the Continent. I have reason to believe it.

VICTIM (Canterbury).—You comment, without stating any facts, and ask my opinion. How can I presume to judge them on what you say? It is not for me to think, but to know when I write about anyone. State the facts as you would in a witness-box.

CONSOLS.—H. W. F. (Mile End).—The people are all right, but you evidently cannot afford to speculate since you ask my opinion.

R. A. SMITH & CO.—C. W. (Sheffield).—See December 25 issue.

CONSOLS.—C. R. (Belfast).—You got in pretty low considering that many people have seen them go down from a much higher figure. I think they will go 2 or 3 points better soon. Anyhow, I don't think you are justified in changing your investment.

PREMIUM BONDS.—R. T. (East Ham).—We know nothing against the firm you name, but you would probably have to pay them more than the market price. Buy them through your own banker. Premium Bonds are illegal in this country, but, personally, I do not see for what good reason.

E. H. R. (Stoke Newington).—You must regard Electric Theatres as a speculation, not as an investment. The vogue may be short. In any case, the idea is being overdone as usual, and some of the companies are bound to feel the pinch of competition.

G. C. (Birmingham).—Dont build too much on a man's local reputation. We know of one who ran a sort of private Sunday-school till he had to bolt because he had embezzled the money of clients.

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EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

THE KING OF KNAVES

By E. WADE LANG.

III. A FOUR-HANDED GAME.

"Double or quits, Mr. Carson?"

Those were the words I heard as, tired of reading, I wandered into the billiard-room. Ferris was at a theatre, and had promised to pick me up at the club on his way home.

A momentary hush followed the words. Bernard Carson was carefully chalking his cue, and he blew the dust from the tip before replying. A thick-set man of about forty, with a heavy dark moustache, he was, I felt, not half so unconcerned as he was endeavouring to appear. Young Lord Barlow was flushed, with a suggestion of whiteness about the cheekbones, and there was a sneer on his lips.

"Certainly," agreed Carson, with a suspicion of a shrug, and he bent over the table and gave a miss in baulk with an air hinting that he gave way under protest.

"What's up?" I asked one of the fellows, sitting down by him.

"There's eight hundred pounds on that game," he replied in an undertone. "Barlow started with a wager of fifty, and he has lost four games already, doubling each time."

"Phew! What are they playing?"

"A hundred up. Eight pounds a point. Look at that!"

Barlow had missed the easiest of hazards.

"He'll lose again, you mark my words," continued my companion. "He's playing execrably."

"He's a young fool," said I.

"He is, emphatically. But I suppose he imagines he is sure to win once if he keeps at it long enough."

The men looking on grew very quiet as the game progressed. The feet of the players moved noiselessly about the carpet. Nothing was heard but the click of the balls and the occasional voice of the marker calling the score.

Carson played with every appearance of carelessness, clearly anxious for the younger man to win, but Barlow could do nothing right, and the game was called, 33—82 in his disfavour.

Then, becoming reckless, he slammed at his ball, obtained a lucky fluke, and ran up a break of 40 in less than five minutes.

The chance of winning after all made him nervous, as, Carson having failed to score, he again leaned over the table. He made 13 and miscued. An audible sigh ran round the room.

83—86, with Carson to play.

"Does your life depend upon it?" said a voice at my shoulder, and, turning, I met Ferris's smile. He shook his head slowly, as though in reproof of my astonishment.

"I've been sitting here for five minutes," he said, with amusement.

"Who do you think will win?" I asked him under my breath.

"Carson, of course. He's making sure of it now."

The tone was subtly cynical, and I glanced quickly at the table. The red ball was trickling gently towards a pocket. It hung . . . it dropped . . . and I saw Barlow moisten his lips.

"Game!" cried the marker.

Carson pulled his handkerchief from his shirt-cuff and wiped his hands, holding his cue between his knees. He was controlling a smile.

"Mr. Carson," said Lord Barlow distinctly, "I will play you two-fifty up for two thousand pounds."

"No, no!" protested several men together, and one of them rose to his feet. "This is going too far!"

Young Barlow flung back his head and eyed them, and the mettle in him brought the blood to his face.

"Are you agreeable?" he asked Carson, with cutting politeness.

Carson hesitated. It was palpable that he was finding the affair unpleasant.

"I object," said an old gentleman impatiently. "It's preposterous—ridiculous!"

"Allow me to remind you, Sir Henry," returned Barlow coldly, "that Mr. Carson is the only one who has the right to object."

"Of course I will play, if you like," said Carson good-temperedly. "But it must be positively the last game."

"Very well," the other agreed, with a laugh that sounded forced. "I shall beat you this time."

"Hope springs eternal," quoted Ferris to me softly. "Coming, Burke?"

I looked round. He was rising to his feet and quietly smiling.

"Aren't you anxious to see who wins?" I queried.

"Not a bit. But stay, if you would prefer to."

"Not I," said I, standing up at once. "Where are you going?"

"Home."

Exchanging a good-night here and there, we passed out, and a few minutes later a hansom was carrying us towards our rooms in Victoria Street.

"He's a silly ass, that Barlow," I observed. "He was making it uncomfortable for everybody."

"Except Carson," said Ferris, laconically.

"Even Carson didn't seem over-pleased," said I. "He was placed in a very difficult position, in my opinion."

"Reluctant to refuse and reluctant to win, but bound in honour to do his best, eh?" Suddenly Ferris chuckled. "You dear innocent Irishman!" he said, dropping his hand on my knee.

"Why?" said I, somewhat nettled.

"Bernard Carson is a gentleman of fortune, that's all. He lives by his wits, as many a good man has done before him. It says much for his cleverness that I'm the only man who knows it. Don't get riled, old chap. You may have observed that he is always hob-nobbing with some young blood or other. It pleases the youngsters' vanity to be the confidant of a man double their age, and it is highly profitable to himself. Barlow happens to be the latest—and thereby hangs a tale."

He paused to light a cigarette, and when he proceeded there was an edge to the pleasantry of his tone.

"Carson has only one failing, but I am sadly afraid it will prove his downfall. He is just short of being a gentleman. Have you noticed the malady? It has one unerring symptom—a lack of proper regard for honour, old chap."

"Oh, come!" said I laughing.

"You misunderstand me," he continued. "We are original enough to invent a code of honour for ourselves. We're Knaves of the first magnitude, but for all our sinfulness there is something with which you and I will never interfere—the honour of honourable women, Burke. That scruple, I regret to say, is not shared by our unworthy friend, Carson.

"He was indiscreet enough to let me know this a week or two ago when I joined a card-party at his house. He lives in a quiet road at St. John's Wood, you know—a bachelor with a small staff of servants and an irreproachable housekeeper.

"Barlow was there, and he lost a few hundreds, which he promptly paid by cheque before leaving. I contrived to remain a little longer than the others. Carson was a trifle elated and rather talkative, and it always entertains me to chat with a man who has something to conceal. We exchanged records of ribaldry and drank into the small hours.

"Before I left, Burke, I had taken a mental squint all round the inside of his dissolute carcass. Barlow has a sister—and Carson would like to marry a lady of title. Carson therefore takes an affectionate interest in Barlow, so much so that he doesn't care to present his cheques at the bank, of which, up to then, he possessed sufficient to total up to fourteen thousand pounds. It's probably twenty thousand by now. Now, I am doubtful whether those cheques would be met—and so was Carson. You begin to see shape in the situation, I hope?"

"By Jove, yes! Carson will propose to Barlow's sister, and if she refuses him——"

"The cheques representing her brother's honour will be used as persuasion. Precisely. Positively a Machiavellian idea. Now, I know Eleanor Barlow, have known her since she was a child, and it would pain me to see her allied to—well, a gentleman of fortune. Have I made it all clear?"

"You're going to stop him," said I quickly.

"I am."

He twisted round to face me, and for an instant the mask dropped. Eyes that were like steel points fixed on mine, and his lips were locked tight in determination.

"When?" I whispered.

"To-night. That's why I dragged you away from the game you were enjoying. There were two playing then, but now it's four-handed. You're with me, Burke?"

"Right through," said I, and he was smiling at my enthusiasm as the cab drew up.

We went up in the lift to his flat, whence we emerged a few minutes later in caps and overcoats.

"A fine night for a stroll," observed the liftman as we sped down.

"Very," rejoined Ferris.

II.

It was a peculiarity of Ferris's, especially in the early part of our career, to preserve absolute reticence of his plans until he was actually carrying them out. Perhaps this was because he distrusted my nerve, knowing full well that anticipations are a greater strain than definite action.

We took the Underground to Edgware Road, and half-past twelve was striking as we came out of the station. Ferris was silent as we walked along at an easy pace in the direction of St. John's Wood. Evidently he was going to call on Carson, but what he would say when he got there I could not imagine.

We had been walking for about fifteen minutes and were in a dimly-lighted road, when he took my arm, halted, turned round, and, retracing a few steps, led me swiftly through a gate.

A detached house with a frontage of shrubs and lawn was before us, and all the windows were in darkness.

Without any hesitation Ferris led me to the right, across the lawn, and so to the side of the house.

"He's in bed," I whispered.

"The servants are, but he isn't back yet," replied Ferris, who was feeling in his pockets. "Nor will he be for at least an hour, unless he breaks habit."

And all at once I gasped, for Ferris had stepped noiselessly to the French window within a yard of us, and I heard the faintest splintering of wood. It had never crossed my mind until that moment that he meant to force an entrance.

"Bolted as well," he said softly. "Here, Burke, hold this," and he pushed a circle of brown paper into my hand.

Then, diving into his pocket again, he brought out a small jar and proceeded to smear something sticky on the paper.

"Treacle," he said, and his eyes twinkled in the gloom. "An indispensable accessory, old chap."

His coolness and his unhaste gave me a unique sense of confidence which almost amounted to

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exhilaration. This was my first burglary, and I began to revel in it.

He stooped down, applied the paper to the glass near the bottom, cut round it, and the next instant his hand was through the aperture and the bolt drawn.

"Another bolt at the top," he said, after gently shaking the window. "Sst!"

Somebody was coming along the road with measured tread. A privet hedge screened us from observation from the pavement, but I think I should have sought better cover if Ferris had moved.

He stood motionless, and when the footsteps had passed he reached up and cut another circle of glass from the window near the top.

He was beckoning me from inside the room before I had taken another breath.

"Mind the curtain," he said, holding it aside for me to steal through. "And quiet's the word! Stand still a sec."

A light flickered and went out, and Ferris was flashing the rays from an electric pocket lamp round the room. The door was ajar, and, crossing over, he closed it without a sound.

"The gentleman's sitting-room," said Ferris in a slightly louder voice. "Sit down, Burke, and make yourself comfortable. I sha'n't be long."

He removed his coat and, folding it up neatly, hung it over the back of a chair. Then he placed the lamp so that it shone on a small cabinet by the wall, knelt down and, drawing a leather case from his pocket, opened it out on the floor.

It was filled with delicate steel tools, each placed neatly in a compartment, and, selecting one, he picked the lock of the cabinet in a trice.

The door swung open, and the front of a steel safe was revealed.

"I wouldn't believe about the cheques," observed Ferris softly, "and the beggar brought them out of here to show me. Astonishing how a display of incredulity irritates a man! Do you hear that taxi coming? Perhaps it's Carson returning."

A jump of my heart sent my blood hot and I half stood up, and sank back as I saw Ferris calmly choosing another tool. His back was towards me, and as the sound of the taxi-cab died away I prayed that he had not noticed my alarm.

"Smoke if you like," he said. "This may take ten minutes, and it may take thirty. You'll feel more at ease."

Then he had noticed me; and though his face was hidden I could guess that a lurking humour was playing about the corners of his mouth.

I lit a cigarette, darkening the light of the match with my coat, and my uneasiness vanished in admiration of the precision of his movements.

Several efforts to pick the lock proving ineffectual, he adjusted a bit to a small but strong brace, oiled the bit, and commenced to drill near the keyhole.

He drilled four separate holes of about an inch in diameter in twenty-two minutes, for I timed him; and then a piece of steel with the keyhole in the centre came away in his hand. A patient prising with another tool, and the bolts slid back.

"More troublesome than I thought," said Ferris, pulling open the door. "There's a locked drawer, but that will be simple. A—h!"

Sitting on his heels Ferris rapidly went through a sheaf of papers. Occasionally he paused to read, and once he whistled softly.

"Are they there?" I asked, trying to keep my apprehension from my voice.

"Yes, they're all right," he replied, "and the old reprobate has also got enough evidence here to compromise half a dozen women, as well as evidence to commit him damnably of blackmail. I shall have much pleasure in helping myself to the lot, and to-morrow we'll find means of setting the minds of these poor devils at rest. Thus does Virtue balance Vice. We are instruments of justice, Burke, if you only look at it the right way."

He thrust his hand into the drawer again and withdrew it rustling.

"Bank-notes, by all the angels! A nice round sum, too. It would be a pity to leave them. Anything else?" Again he dipped his hand in, like a child with a lucky-bag.

"For the lord's sake, hurry!" I urged. "He'll be here in a minute."

"That's exactly what I am waiting for," said he, and he closed the empty drawer, the safe, and the door of the cabinet in the silence of my amazement.

"Waiting for him!" I echoed.

"Not so loud," he warned, folding up the case of tools and replacing it in his pocket. "We want Carson, but we are not anxious for an interview with a fat housekeeper in *négligée*. You don't imagine that I am going away with the work half done. I want that cheque for two thousand which he will surely have with him, or its I.O.U. equivalent."

"Great heavens!" I whispered, "but how on earth do you intend to get it?"

"That I must decline to say till the time comes. If you've had enough, Burke, quit. I'm staying."

Seating himself in an arm-chair Ferris switched out the lamp, and for a long time stillness reigned.

The strangeness of that wait comes back to me now. Full of vague fears as to what was about to happen, I still was determined not to leave Ferris, nor did I give word to the hundred questions that framed themselves in my mind.

"He's coming," said Ferris quietly from the darkness.

I strained my ears to listen. The clap-clap of a horse's hoofs and the jingling of a bell became distinct. Then the sounds ceased.

"Yes, it's he," said Ferris. "Now I want you to sit where you are, Burke.

"I expect him to come in here to deposit the cheque in the safe, but if he doesn't—well, no matter! Don't move unless I tell you. I'm going to open this door a little so that it will be just as we found it. Sst!"

A key was rattling in the latch. It was opened. He was in the hall, striking a match.

I could not see Ferris, but a gleam of light shone through the crack of the door.

It flickered and moved as Carson crossed the hall and then became stronger. He had lighted the gas.

Ferris I could just see, a motionless shadow by the door. I did not stir, but it was the hardest order I ever obeyed.

There was another slight rattle. Carson had hung up his overcoat and hat. His footsteps sounded again, and all my muscles went taut. In my heart I was cursing Ferris for his madness.

The gleam of light vanished. Carson had turned out the gas. He was going upstairs.

I could have shouted, so glad was I, when all at once there came a crash, followed by the loud mew of a cat.

Carson stopped and muttered something. The next moment I knew that he was coming in.

He entered. I heard a dull thud, heavy breathing, and a fall; but the long silence that ensued was more horrible still. With every fibre of my revolted being I believed that murder had been done.

"All serene, old chap," came Ferris's voice, and the naturalness of it sent a wave of relief over me. "I've merely chloroformed the brute. A light for a sec."

He shone the lamp over a prostrate form, searched for what he wanted, found it, and straightened.

"We'll get out now, my boy," said he, getting into his coat. "A little caution till we get into the road, a leisurely stroll for a mile, then a taxi home. It won't be much that we shall hear of this gentleman again after he finds what he has lost besides the cash."

And we left again by the French window.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.* —ED.]

MARKETING ABILITY.

Generally speaking, the delicate work of Marketing Ability can be best left to Hapgoods. One side of our large Organisation is devoted to this work—the other being devoted to the finding of Men of Special Ability for Employers. We deal only with High-Grade Men capable of filling positions carrying salaries of £150 to £1,000 per annum. If you are such a man, write us to-day.

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MY FIRST DAY'S HUNTIN

THE TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

The day dawned—a regular hunting morni such as would have rejoiced the heart of Nimrods of the past.

A wind from the South blowing soft in face, a cloud-flecked sky overhead, the gr just right, and the scent going strong.

I was for all my schooling a bit nervous the ordeal. It was my first day to hounds!

"You'll get your baptism of tumbles and br before the day's out," said a kindly friend, sm at my spick-and-span attire.

There was not a speck on my pink, nor a on my cords.

I had forgotten to tell my tailor to adopt old ruse favoured by novices in bygone da that of dragging the pink coat over the dusty fl to take off the newness. As my friend sp visions of being carried home on a gate rose pleasantly.

But at the sight of the field all such ideas quickly put to flight—in that cheery company forebodings seemed out of place.

Of course, like most novices, I knew the r about my home fairly well, but when it come riding over fields, the country seems to assu different aspect.

So I thought the best thing I could do wa follow some of the other riders when the hou got away.

As was inevitable, I made a poor choice, for leader I had picked out—going more by dandified appearance than by his horsemansh was a careless fellow who took no more care o own mount than he did of the rest of the field, who chose a bit of broken fence to squeeze thro rather than a comparatively easy jump l down.

I and a couple of other novices got wedge the gap, and lost a lot of valuable time, bes getting one horse badly staked before I mana to get free.

After that I decided to trust to myself. rather misplaced confidence cost me dear at next bullfinch, which I ought to have avoided.

I came down on a soft enough slab of mud, arose no longer the resplendent being of the e morning.

I had kept a grip of the reins fortunately—s was easy enough to remount. I had lost nervousness by this time; my blood was up, I sent my horse along at a fine pace, hopin come up again with the field before long, taking my fences as they came.

I didn't come up with the field exactly, b did come up with a Diana who offered hersel my pilot.

Under her guidance my difficulties smoot out, and the sight of the huntsman and the dap darlings only three fields away made me feel there was nothing to compare with hunting.

Of course, I fancied that now I was seaso and that falls were to be reckoned as things of past.

The next bit of timber topped a ditch. horse took it like a bird, but I fell like a st and emerged a sorry spectacle!

Diana caught my horse for me and I than her with a chastened demeanour.

That fox got away and we had to find anot during which time Diana and I improved acquaintance.

Then we had a short sharp run, over ploug fields for the most part, divided by the dete barbed wire.

I managed by following my leader to be in at death. Not bad for a novice the first day And I went home dog tired, but happy.

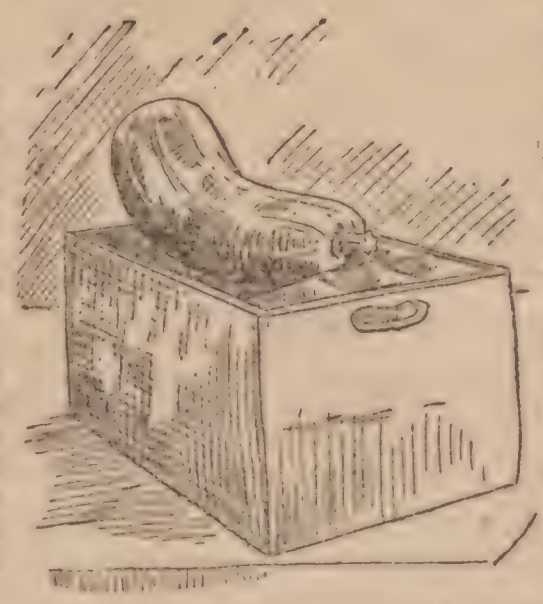
Happy is hardly the right word to expres for the feeling at the end of a man's first hunting is more than that.

You feel horribly green and stupid— between ourselves, a bit afraid—but you through it.

T. W. GARDE

A Weighty Matter.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.



It was in the secretary's handwriting, it was inscribed in red pencil, and it hung up in the bar of the Queen's Head Inn, where the Uncle of the Fairest Maid in all Kent retails good beer and ale (these are distinctive terms) to the village of Kingshorton and the inhabitants thereof.

The round red characters stated very plainly that the "Horticultural Show of the Kingshorton Cottage Gardeners' Society" would be held in the club-room of the Queen's Head Inn at 6.30 p.m. precisely "on Saturday night."

Now, the population of Kingshorton may or may not be two hundred, as stated in the local guide-book, but it possesses many estimable people among its inhabitants, including Mr. Tunns, secretary of the aforesaid Society.

And Mr. Tunns and I are on good terms.

He addresses me as "old partner." He drinks a "drop of beer" at my expense frequently, while I bury my head in a thick blue mug containing "ale."

On "Saturday night" he made me honorary member of the Society, and, as such, I had to follow him up the creaking stairs, innocent of carpeting, into the club room where the "show" was held.

Now, the Horticultural Show at Kingshorton is a very, very solemn affair. I was impressed by it to such an extent that I sat down on one of the wooden chairs ranged round the room and proceeded to do nothing but think, on the principle that when one goes to Rome it is wise to do as the Romans do.

Everyone present appeared to be wrapped in the deepest meditation.

There were exactly twenty men seated round the long table, peacefully smoking—and thinking.

It was plain that they were thinking about the array of celery, carrots, beetroots, cabbages, and Brussels sprouts, which might have been so many dead bodies at an inquest, judging from the mournful stares of the Society.

The bodies—the vegetables, I mean—were on a large scale—mammoth bunches of celery, ponderous beetroots, elongated carrots, massive cabbages, and formidable Brussels sprouts.

Above all, there was a gigantic vegetable marrow raised on a dozen-of-beer box in the centre of the long table. It was the only one present, and rested beneath the fitful glimmer of a hanging-lamp.

That vegetable marrow was the cynosure of all eyes. After I had watched it steadily for some minutes, and seen nothing happen to it approaching its conversion into a coach and horses, *à la* Cinderella's fairy (which seemed the least one might expect), I broke the tense silence by addressing Mr. Tunns.

"That pumpkin," I observed flippantly, "has had a walk-over, I suppose? I don't wonder at it either!"

Mr. Tunns transferred his wrapt gaze to me.

"Walk-over? The room ain't big enough for a class of vegetable marrers. You've got to guess the weight!"

"Oh," I said, and relapsed into silence, conscious that other wrapt gazes were turned on me with no little severity.

Then blissful journalistic enterprise forced itself to the front again after a ten-minutes' silence.

"Why?" I asked.

"For the good of the Society," said Mr. Tunns very slowly.

Three gentlemen down the room sighed deeply and then pulled hard at three pipes, a new briar, an old briar, and a blackened clay.

"Good o' the Society," Mr. New Briar echoed.

"Funds low," Mr. Old Briar added. "Penny a guess," Mr. Blackened Clay explained.

"I see," I said triumphantly "Penny a guess and the winner takes the pool!"

Again the twenty funereal fellows regarded me in pained but silent indignation.

"Genelman means a sweepstake, don't he," Blackened Clay observed to New Briar. "You went to Wye Races once, didn't you George?"

"Sweepstake he means, certain," said New Briar heavily. "I went to Wye Races, as you say, Will'um, but don't keep a man's sinnin' *allus* in front of his eyes. *You'll* understand, sir, when I tell ye that the man that guesses k'rect gets the marrow, and the Society takes the money."

"What about the owner of the marrow?" (Again the little journalistic devil was shrieking for accuracy in my ear.)

"The President gave it to the Society, sir," said the secretary. "Mr. Hoffer—he'll be here in a minute or two, and then, sir, those as *wants* to talk can talk."

There was no mistaking the warning. I relapsed into deathly silence, and fell also to weighing up the marrow.

Now, my acquaintance with vegetable marrows is slight. I have met them, cooked, in tureens. That is all. The disadvantage I laboured under was only too apparent.

"Are vegetable marrows—" I began. Then I blushed apologetically. I was going to add "hollow." I had a glimmering of an idea that they were, and I felt that my penny ought to be given a "run" for its value.

My thoughts were cut short by the entrance of the Coroner. (*They* called him the "President," but *I* know the bearing of a coroner when I see it!)

I waited for the usual rasping opening. "Well, gentlemen, the case before us is a sad but simple one. I shall call before you the constable, who will speak as to the finding of the body. . . ."

Instead, the President drew forth a black-covered book and called out names. The secretary rose and testified to the good character of the marrow. The President sketched out its early history.

I began to wonder why it had committed suicide. I was brought to my senses by Mr. New Briar shuffling up, gravely lifting the marrow (it seemed almost sacrilege), and saying, as he placed a penny down,

"Thirty-seven an' three-quarter." For the first time I realised that I was not at an inquest.

"Now, *you!*" said my friend, Mr. Tunns, the suffering secretary. I will admit it was farcical, but I would not be outdone.

"Twenty-seven," I said, without attempting to judge the weight of the marrow by lifting it.

"Try it properly," said the President, severely. I have seen witnesses similarly criticised for making vague statements.

With all due respect I did as I was bid.

"Twenty-seven," I repeated, rather uncertain as to whether I was speaking in pounds or stones. My mind was, for all practical purposes, a blank.

I stuck to my guns.

"Twenty-seven," I repeated. As a matter of fact, I had realised too late that Mr. New Briar had said "*thirty*-seven and three-quarters," although, because I saw it written on the paper *after* I had made my statement, I am able now to write it correctly above.

Twenty gentlemen turned twenty disappointing glances at me for belittling the marrow.

I paid my penny with the air of a man who *will* see his opinion through at all costs.

Nineteen members followed me to the dread table, and nineteen pennies more were drawn into Society's maw.

* * * * * * *

It was thirty-five minutes later that twenty confident men and one despondent, shame-faced journalist followed the President to the village grocery stores where the marrow was weighed.

"Twenty-seven pounds," said the youth who overcharges the local grocery bills.

The landlord of the Queen's Head Inn, Kingshorton, can testify to the fact that the marrow, which I re-presented to the Society, cost the winner just upon five shillings "for the good of the house" (in drinks).

I gave it back because the Fairest Maid in all Kent said that it "wasn't such a pretty marrow as last year's."

SIDNEY NORTH.

A Picture You Would Like to Have.

At the request of many readers we have had prepared a limited number of reproductions of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's famous poster, printed on the finest art paper.

The size of these reproductions is 25½ inches in height by 19½ inches in width.

They are beautifully finished, and are eminently suitable for framing.

The price is 1/-, post free. The pictures will be sent out in cardboard tubes to prevent creasing.

All applications must be addressed to the Art Department, "The Modern Man" Offices, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

E. S. (Buenos Ayres).—Glad to know the paper is going amongst the English colony in your city. Where are we *not* to be found?

R. D. (Croydon).—Don't try to make a copying-press; you will only waste your time. They don't cost much, and any big stationer will supply you.

R. W. B. (Dublin).—We believe you are misjudging the firm you speak of. We have never had any complaint against them except yours, and you admit that your opinions are formed from a perusal of their circular letters and not from actual dealings with them.

F. W. (Leicester).—Dear, good young man, we don't think ratting on a Sunday is sinful, and we don't think it would be wrong for you to join the Territorials even if your young lady does object. You address your letter from the Y.M.C.A. Is it there you have learned all this canting humbug? Surely not.

E. H. (Lyttelton, N.Z.).—Don't ask us to find someone in London who will supply you with "a few hundred pounds" in order that you may play about with a flying machine. Find a mug locally.

S. W. T. (Worcester). — Interesting as the suggested League whistle may be, we can't repeat it weekly; we haven't the time—or the space—to say things twice.

J. H. R. (Yatung, Tibet). — Many thanks for photos. Your last letter took nearly two months in reaching us; we hope you receive the paper a bit sharper than that.

C. L. N. (Sutton Coldfield).—As you ask our opinion, you shall have it. "Do we think a glass of beer a day does a man any harm?" We don't, but we aren't sure either that it does him any particular good. Generally the man in question has an opinion of his own which settles the matter.

G. L. (Andover).—Best thanks for your suggestion, old sport; we might double the size of the paper and charge double price, but where could we get the matter? There is only a limited number of masculine writers in existence, and we believe we have pretty well netted the lot.

P. J. M. (Hemel Hempstead).—For information regarding the Colonies write to the Emigrants' Information Bureau, 31, The Broadway, Westminster. This applies to several other correspondents. But why emigrate?

TROOPER N. KERR (7, Oakley Road, Ranelagh, Dublin) wants another member of the League to practise weight-lifting and other feats with him, with a view to stage work.

C. F. (Highgate).—Apply to Mr. V. R. Gibbs, 28a, Hermes Street, Pentonville, London, for all information regarding the Legion of Scouts. This is a new irregular force, not to be confused with the Boy Scouts, as no one under 18 is admitted. The height qualification 5ft. 6in.

A. L. (York).—You are pretty safe in trusting a patent agent, provided he is a member of the Institute of Patent Agents, for if he tried to practise any tricks in the way of rushing in a patent in his own name and so stealing it from you, his institute would promptly kick him out and his business would be ruined.

H. E. (Huddersfield).—It is not, as a rule, necessary to pay a farmer for the privilege of shooting rabbits on his land. Usually he is quite content if you give him the majority of the rabbits shot. Farmers near towns, however, who find there is a good deal of demand for this class of shooting, very frequently make a charge, but it is never much.

T. F. H. (Liverpool).—There is nothing foppish about wearing a ring. A plain gold one looks best on a man's finger. Have one with a stone in it if you like, but not unless the stone is a handsome one.

J. F. (Ripon).—You can get all particulars from the local recruiting officer.

The BRITISH SUBALTERN

A GLIMPSE OF HIM AS HE REALLY IS.

According to a Service saying "a subaltern knows nothing and does everything, a captain knows everything and does nothing, a major knows nothing and does it!"

I am not here concerned with this frightful aspersion on the Army Major's character, nor with the captain's alleged omniscience and "masterly inactivity," but as regards the British subaltern, while I rather think he usually "knows a thing or two," he certainly leads the strenuous life.

The picture, much favoured by lady novelists, which paints him lolling in arm-chairs, smoking expensive cigars, and drinking vintage wines all day long is a purely fancy one.

True, the subaltern's professional day's work, after the first year or so of his service, is usually over by one o'clock. But then it may have begun at 6 a.m. Moreover, he will often have to devote his afternoon to playing cricket or some other game for his regiment, and after all it is part of an officer's duty to help to maintain the sporting prestige of his corps or to share in the sports of his men.

Or the afternoon may be given to wearisome social duties which again are necessary—the point is that his leisure is seldom his own.

In the evening he will generally have to devote some time to signing "papers," and he is usually a pretty tired youth when he gets to bed.

A DAY IN HIS LIFE.

It is difficult to give a typical day in a subaltern's regimental life, because his work varies so much with circumstances. There is, however, one day which is much the same wherever he is, and that is when he is orderly officer, or "orderly dog," as it is significantly called.

The "orderly dog's" day lasts from 6 a.m. to about midnight, and there is scarcely a moment of it that is not filled.

Here are his duties; he attends all parades to collect reports, and remains on some of them; sits on "ration board"—that is, the daily board which meets to inspect and pass the bread and meat for the men's rations; goes round every barrack-room at breakfast and dinner time to learn if there are any complaints; superintends issue of groceries, visits hospital, school, canteen, workshops, and other regimental institutions; collects reports and mounts the pickets at "retreat" (sundown), unless he happens to be at Aldershot, where General Smith-Dorrien has abolished pickets; turns the guard out by day and visits prisoners in guard-room cells, collects reports at "tattoo" (10 p.m.), goes round the barracks at "lights out" (10.15 p.m.), and turns the guard out again, and goes round the sentries before retiring.

TURNING OUT THE GUARD.

He must not turn the guard out at night before 10.30, nor within an hour of the "captain of the week," so if that gentleman sits up late or does not give him permission to visit the guard before him, he may be kept up to almost any hour in the morning. All these duties are in addition to orderly-room and company work.

Of course I do not say that is a typical day in a subaltern's life—he is not likely to be "orderly dog" more than twice a week—but on ordinary days there are courts-martial, courts of inquiry, "boards," lectures, and many other special duties to be performed, and on the whole the British subaltern puts in as hard an eight-hours' day as most of us.

Another popular delusion about the British subaltern is that he is a rich young man. Of course, in cavalry or "crack" regiments a man must have at least £500 a year of his own, but I should put the average subaltern's private income at certainly not more than £200 a year, and probably £150 would be nearer the mark.

Taking his pay as roughly £100 a year, an income of £250 or £300 seems pretty good for a youngster of twenty or so. But then he has many heavy and unavoidable expenses. His "messing"—that is, his food, exclusive of liquor and tobacco—will cost him at least £75 a year. Subscriptions to regimental funds, clubs, entertainments, &c., will take another £75 a year at a moderate estimate.

There is the upkeep of his uniform and mufti; servant's wages and clothes, laundry, innumerable petty expenses—it is doubtful whether with even £300 a year all told the subaltern can have a £10 note to spare, and most of his rank have less than that total income.

NOT ONLY A RICH MAN'S PROFESSION.

After all, the majority of Army men are sons of Army men, or of clergymen, doctors, other professional men who are not usually reputed or expected to be rich.

You must remember that now the purchase of commissions no longer exists, the parent has not to provide his son with capital, and therefore, as a career, the Army is especially suited to sons of gentlemen of limited means.

Ever since the Boer war we have heard a lot about the subaltern's lack of professional knowledge.

Well, the Service saying I quoted at the beginning rather upholds that view, but you cannot expect a lad of twenty or so to be an encyclopædia.

However, we'll grant that the British subaltern is not a scientific soldier in the way that the German lieutenant is.

But is there any particular reason why he should be? His fighting, as a rule, is against savage foes and under conditions that call rather for common sense than great technical acquirements.

Some subalterns are foolish, so are other young men in all professions, but I think it is a great mistake to imagine that the British subaltern is an empty-headed fool.

If he is, then it is remarkable how he handles men, and as a rule keeps his end up in circumstances calling for good sense, strong initiative, and prompt decision.

A GOOD SORT.

The British subaltern may not be brilliantly intellectual—why should he be, when the Service offers none of the rewards for brains that other professions hold out?—but he is very far from being an ass.

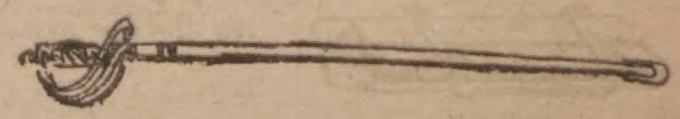
He is, as a rule, an intelligent, clean-living, well-bred youth, who in a few years develops into an excellent type of man of the world. He is, moreover, a sportsman, not only in his field and athletic proclivities, but a sportsman by nature.

Socialists of a certain type sneer at him because he wears well-cut clothes and is "well groomed." But who in his senses would give a fig for a soldier, whether officer or private, who did not take a pride in his personal appearance?

Among his other good qualities the British subaltern has a sense of humour. And, indeed, he has need of it, for when you reflect that he who is so severely criticised, gives his services at considerable expense to himself, you begin to perceive that he must see the humorous side of the situation or he would not put up with it.

The British subaltern may not know very much, but he does things—sometimes quite big things.

CHINSTRAP.



THE OUTER-MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A NEAT INVENTION.

I noticed the other day in the window of a well-known London bootmaker's shop a very neat little device for giving a grip when walking through snow.

In this particular case the appliance was fitted to a lady's boot, but I see no reason why a larger size should not be useful for country wear for men also.

It consisted of a light metal frame shaped to the sole of the foot, in which were set about eight large square studs almost as large as those used for roughing horse-shoes.

This false sole, which only fitted to the front part of the sole, leaving the heel untouched, was fixed to the boot by means of straps in much the same way as a skate.

Though I have never seen one of these little appliances in use, there can be no doubt that they would give an excellent grip in the most slippery of snow.

It would be possible, of course, to have similar nails driven into the sole of the boot, but nails of this size would make walking extremely uncomfortable on any surface but snow, and would be more than out of place indoors.

These studded soles, however, can be removed at will, and can be fitted to any boots you like, so that you cannot find yourself landed with your only pair of nailed boots soaked through and only smooth-soled boots left to wear.

It should not be difficult to make a similar sort of plate for yourself, for since it is only to be used on soft snow it will not be subjected to much hard wear.

OBSERVATION AND DRESS.

We are always hearing observation lauded as one of the virtues to be cultivated, but as most of us are much too busy to cultivate virtues, we do not take much notice of it.

But observation in matters of dress can often save us a good deal, and that becomes quite a different matter.

The man with an unlimited purse can afford to give his tailor and his outfitter and his bootmaker *carte blanche*, and tell them to supply him with the best and the most up-to-date thing, whatever it may cost.

The average man cannot do things on this lordly scale, but he may yet turn himself out well on a quarter of the amount.

By keeping your eyes open and taking note of the attire of the obviously well-dressed men you meet, and by noticing the prices of things in shop-windows and so on, you may contrive to dress well and cheaply.

If you do your shopping in an out-of-the-way quarter you will often find that you know more about the current fashion than the shopkeeper, and you will probably be able to get what you want without paying a fancy price for it merely because it is in vogue at the moment.

Then, again, you will often find identical articles being sold in two different shops at widely different prices, so that if you want some special item of dress and walk into the first shop you come to, you run the risk of having to pay a considerable price for it and then seeing a similar one in a window a little further along the street being offered for perhaps a shilling or two less.

Or by keeping your eyes open you may be able to spot little alterations in the clothes you already have, which can be done by a repairing tailor, or even at home, and which will bring your clothes right up to date and give them a new lease of life.

A USEFUL BATH-GOWN.

The average man—unless he is one of the lazy brigade, who cannot trouble to dress before breakfast—seldom uses a dressing-gown except for the matutinal visit to the bath.

It is usually an expensive thing to buy and a cumbersome thing to keep about, and in case of illness or similar emergencies its place can almost always be taken by an overcoat—I have more than one Territorial friend who puts his uniform great-coat to a use for which the Government did *not* intend it, and uses it as a dressing-gown.

But a very serviceable bath-gown can be made of Turkish towelling—most men can find some lady friend who is capable of tackling the job; those who cannot can get a tailor to do it for comparatively little.

All that is required is simply a loose gown that comes down to the feet and a light cord to confine it at the waist.

If it be made full enough to double right across the chest, no buttons or buttonholes will be necessary.

The gown should have a broad low-rolled collar, and if desired may have a hood at the back which may be put over the head, and which may, perhaps, prevent a cold after a hot bath.

It is an excellent plan to have the white towelling dyed whatever colour you may fancy, in which case the collar—and the hood, if you have one—may well be of some different colour.

Various shades of green and blue are most suitable for the purpose, and the finished garment if made at home should be extremely cheap, for the cost of the material and of dyeing is very slight.

CLOTHES FOR CEREMONIES.

I am continually being asked by readers what is the correct dress for a man at various ceremonies, which he attends, perhaps, only once in a lifetime—for instance, at his own wedding.

The Frenchman experiences no such difficulty, for for anything approaching a ceremony, be it wedding, christening, funeral, or Court function, he puts on evening dress, whatever hour of the day it is.

There is much to be said for the custom, for what we call "evening dress" is not by any means unsuited for morning wear. It is merely a ceremonial costume, and there is no reason why we should restrict it to evening ceremonies.

Nevertheless, as there is but little probability of the custom coming into favour in Britain as it has on the Continent, we must consider the costumes that are ordained by the unwritten law of fashion.

At a funeral, of course, every visible article of attire, except the white shirt and collar, should be black.

For a wedding the bridegroom's costume will not differ from that of the other gentlemen present.

A morning coat is nowadays almost more correct than a frock-coat, though either is quite admissible. The trousers should be light cashmere ones, and the waistcoat may be a light fancy one or not, according to taste and the season of the year.

The tie also should be light—a lavender or dove-grey tint will be most suitable, and of course a wing collar and not a double one should be worn.

As regards boots, patent leathers, with or without fancy tops, are advisable.

A similar costume will be suitable for almost any other morning ceremony and for receptions.

TORN SHIRTS.

There are some men who imagine themselves well dressed, but whose policy is very reminiscent of that of the scribes and Pharisees, who made clean the outside of the cup and platter only.

They think, apparently, that so long as their suit and their overcoat is respectable, that that is all that is necessary.

But, as a matter of fact, it is the minor details that count for most. I noticed a man the other day who was attired in all the glory of a silk hat and a fur overcoat—not shoddy articles such as are affected by some of the less prominent members of the theatrical profession, but really good and expensive ones, which showed that their owner could afford, or at any rate had been able to afford, to dress well.

But to the observant eye he was given away by the fact that his shirt showed a great rent just below the collar-band and at the side of the tie.

No man who had any real care for his personal appearance would have dreamt of putting on a shirt in this condition, for it had obviously been torn before he put it on.

Similarly, men are often given away by their boots, their tie, by a frayed collar or cuff, or by the lack of a button or some such trifle.

Price 5/9.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Carriage Paid. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied.

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Made in pure wool tweeds or Scotch Cheviots.

50/-

These coats are cut in the very latest style, and an accurate fit is guaranteed.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address.

Distance no object.

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And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.
Every Londoner should make a point of calling

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All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Young gent's grey suit; splendid condition; 12s. 6d.; chest 35in., inside leg 31in.; also two linen shirts, 3s.—Box 1460, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Brown striped suit; fit man 5ft. 9in., 36in. chest; worth 50s., accept 16s.—Box 1461, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Two pairs gentleman's high-class winter boots (bespoke), stylish Derbys, 8's and 9's, wide fitting, first quality, box calf and brown willow, double soles, stitched all round; worth 42s., accept 25s., or 13s. either pair, approval.—33, Broadway, Kettering.

Brown suit; latest style; 34½in. chest, 31½in. leg; new; small for owner, fit gent 5ft. 6in.; £3 10s. (guarantee), accept 40s., approval.—Box 1466, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.

Fancy, original, or burlesque costume required for skating carnivals; must be good and cheap.—Box 1464, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Seven-chambered Smith and Wesson revolver, ·22 bore, nearly new, excellent condition, bargain, 15s.—T. Gurron, Barkby, Leicester.

Folding mahogany bagatelle board, 8ft., rubber cushions, balls, cues, bridge, complete, nearly new, 59s. 6d.; also slate bed, 9ft., suitable for club use.—Box 1468, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Circular punching-ball fixture, in excellent condition, 1 guinea.—Box 1469, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

17ft. cane built Malleson salmon rod, grooved wood top protector, detached cork handle, making, with middle and top joint, a 13ft. 4in. rod, suction joints, snake rings; also a salmon reel; what cash offers?—Box 1470, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For Physical Culture see Inches' Adv., page 16.

MUSIC.

Splendid 5-stringed banjo, in stiff leather case, instruction book given, 17s. 6d., bargain.—Box 1471, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

A and B clarionets, nearly new, with case, complete, by Quilter; £3 5s.—Box 1472, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, banjo, magnificent 5-string concert, good tone, 30 electro-plated clamps, solid nickel silver rim, ivory pegs, walnut and ebony inlaid pearl fingerboard, including saddler made leather case. Cost £6 6s.; accept 37s. 6d.—Box 1473, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

"DIGS."

Would two readers care to join three others in inexpensive bachelor country villa; convenient City and West End?—Box 1465, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Comfortable digs offered to two friends; no other boarders; terms moderate; North London district.—Write, in first case, to Box 1474, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Bed-sitting room to let; every convenience; Brixton district.—Apply, in first case, to Box 1475, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Tamlin incubator, 100-egg, drying box, self-supplying lamp, L shape thermometer, only used once, quite new, and egg-testing lamp; also copper tank rearer for same, with self-supplying lamp, all complete, £5 the lot.—Box 1478, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Sale. Hearson's 100-egg incubator, perfect order, price £2 10s.; also foster-mother, in perfect order. What offers?—Box 1479, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

DOGS.

Sale or Exchange, Borzoi bitch, long, lean head, 30in. at shoulder, deep brisket, all sound and straight.—J. Ellis, Stationer, Brierfield.

Bull pup for sale; fawn and white; will send pedigree; price £2 10s.—Box 1462, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Good smooth fox terrier dog, nicely marked, black-and-tan head, very smart; registered, 20s.—Box 1476, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Aberdeen terrier, 9 months, not true breed, untrained, good guard, would make good ratter, no use for him; 10s.—Box 1477, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 21.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

Lady's Raleigh cycle for sale; 15 guineas when new, will take £4; in good condition.—Box 1463, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Rex, 3½, 1906 motor cycle, splendid order, good tyres, easy saddle, 2 brakes, grand hill-climber, £10, exchange dynamo and fittings for electric lighting or anything useful home, stables, engineering, or photography.—Box 1480, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, motor cycle, good maker, and cash, for piano by Broadwood.—Box 1481, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Badminton Magazine"; 8 vols., ½ red morocco; perfect condition; 25s.; library series. "Shooting," as new, 4s. 6d. (offers).—Forbes, 19, Camborne Street, Rusholme, Manchester.

Eight vols., perfect condition, "Cassell's Popular Educator"; accept 20s.—C. Harmer, 4, Albert Villas, Bexley Heath.

Sale or Exchange.—Harmsworth Encyclopædia, excellent condition, but part 31 missing; also mechanical and electrical models, needing repairs; exchange for full-size lecture lantern, cricket or athletic goods, or Harmsworth Atlas.—Box 1467, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Carter's Embrocation is invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes; sample 3 penny stamps only.—Send at once to the Model Homes, Ltd., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1489, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Whole plate wide angle lense, best maker, fine instrument; 27s. 6d.—Box 1484, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

For sale, pocket folding Kodak No. 3A, B. and L. shutter, and black leather carrying case, good condition; £4 4s.—Box 1485, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

Territorials Only.—In conjunction with a leading insurance company, I have arranged a special accident insurance policy for Territorials. The only one of its kind. Very cheap. Particulars on receipt of postcard.—Lance-Corporal Lennox (of The Rough Riders), 40, Chancery Lane, W.C.

Excellent typewriter, in perfect working order; exchange, or cheap for cash.—Box 1490, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

5/- SAFETY RAZOR FOR 1/6,

with 7 blades, in beautiful case complete, 1s. 6d., post free, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, E.C.

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5,000 flashes. Electric pocket lamp complete; P.O. 1s. post paid.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Latest pattern genuine Edison-Bell phonograph, runs 4 records one winding, brand new, complete, only 35s.; 24 new records, 10s.—Box 1486, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Accurate horoscope, and year's events; send birthdate, sixpenny P.O. and stamps.—Prof. Libra, North Road, Cardiff.

Safe, mahogany desk, oak cupboard, chairs, typewriter, for sale.—Box 1487, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Wanted, traveller's leather sample case, any usable condition. Fullest particulars.—Box 1488, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Agents wanted in every town and village to sell our real lever Simulation gold watches. Send 3s. 6d. P.O. to-day for sample watch.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

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Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth £3 3s. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29S. 6D. Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks.—Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 10s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

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